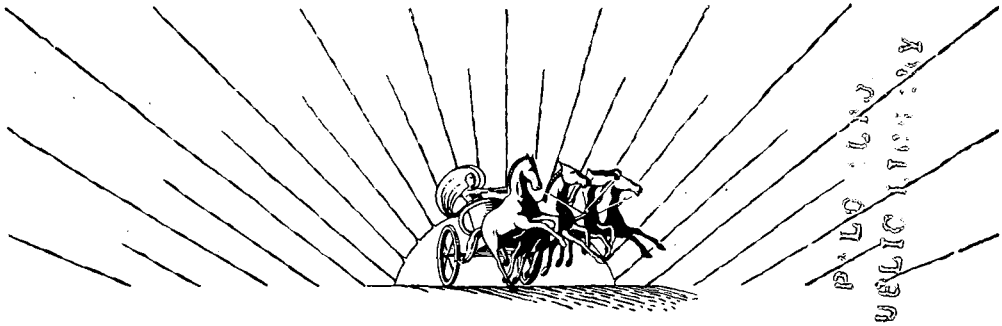


THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Contents for January 30, 1926

A WEEK OF THE WORLD 217

MAKING A SHAH IN PERSIA . . . . . *Wolseley Haig* 223
The Rise of Riza Khan Pahlavi

GREECE UNDER A TYRANNUS . . . . . *An Observer in Athens* 228
Has Democracy Deserted Her Ancient Cradle?

KING, QUEEN, AND JACK . . . . . *Hans Christian Andersen* 234
A Suppressed Fairy Tale by Denmark's Great Story-Teller

PHILOSOPHY AT THE WHEEL . . . . . *C. C. Martindale* 237
A Detail of the Jubilee Pilgrimage

BRITISH INDUSTRY MENDING ITS MISTAKES 243
Why Trusts Sometimes Fail

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOLK-SONGS . . . . . *St. John Ervine* 246
A Faddist of the Future Discusses To-day's Poetry of the Masses

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF SKIING . . . . . *George Sampson* 250
Reminiscences of a Veteran of the Staves and Pikestaff

VIGAN, LAOAG, AND POINTS NORTH . . . . . *Walter Robb* 252
Motor Notes from the Philippines

FOUR CHILDREN . . . . . *Robert Graves* 255
A Poem

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS 256

BOOKS ABROAD 260

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 262

15¢ A COPY — *The Living Age Company, Boston* — $5 A YEAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whose Dog Are You?

On what leash of mass thinking do you run? If you have a dog collar about your mind, whose name is on it? Who owns your opinions? Many people are wearing a dog collar and don't know it. Some never will. THE FORUM is of interest only to those who do some thinking on their own account. THE FORUM has no axe to grind. It is a magazine of controversy, giving *all* sides of current political, economic, literary, and religious opinions. It is not hospitable to loose thinking, nor does it accept without challenge the opinions of the so-called intellectuals. Its pages are a market-place of fresh ideas.

Who Should Control the Air?
A Debate

Before the whole issue is obscured by a haze of Congressional oratory it is of interest to understand the opposing points of view in the controversy over the control of the air defense forces. In the February FORUM Rear-Admiral Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy, defends the present system of separate control. A high officer of the Army (whose name cannot be divulged) answers and puts the case for a separate Air Service.

Why I Am an Episcopalian
by *Charles Lewis Slattery*

The Bishop Coadjutor of Massachusetts was born to the faith, — but he has reasons of his own too. Second of the "Confessional Series."

Free Speech in the Pulpit
by *G. A. Studdert-Kennedy*

The beloved "Woodbine Willie" forcefully and humorously defends his right to discuss *anything* from his pulpit.

Our Imaginary Isolation
by *Edgar Ansel Mowrer*

By the Dawes Plan, the United States is committed to active participation in European affairs. Why continue the fiction of isolation?

The Alphabet of Life
by *Count Hermann Keyserling*

A profound, yet thoroughly understandable, essay by the most widely read of German philosophers.

Various other features including fiction and the regular FORUM departments

Special Introductory Offer

THE FORUM
247 Park Avenue, New York

Enter my subscription to THE FORUM 5 months for a dollar.

Name *Address*

City *State*

Regular Price 35c a copy; $4.00 yearly

L.A. 1-30

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

January 30, 1926

MAKING A SHAH IN PERSIA. Who is Riza Khan Pahlavi? Locate Persia, the Caspian Sea, Teheran. Why was the Persian army re-organized in 1919 under British officers? Describe in your own words how Riza Khan effected his coup d'état. What is the present condition of the Persian Government? Does it seem likely to endure for many years to come?

GREECE UNDER A TYRANNUS. What is the great danger that General Pangalos may fall into during his Dictatorship? What task is his country now facing? Name some of the changes that have occurred in Balkan politics since the War.

BRITISH INDUSTRY MENDING ITS MISTAKES. How does the writer in the *New Statesman* distinguish between a pound in the bank and a pound in some investment? What is the cause and significance of the Vickers concern writing down the face value of its securities? Why, in the opinion of the *New Statesman*, should other British industries follow this example?

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOLK-SONGS. Tell in a few words the humorous implication of Mr. Ervine's essay.

VIGAN, LAOAG, AND POINTS NORTH. Locate Manila and Luzon. What are some of the chief activities of the Filipinoes?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

Free on request

A CATALOGUE
of
ENGLISH BOOKS

Great care has been taken in selecting the items listed in this catalogue. There are art books, books on nature and gardens, entertaining books of travel, sets of standard authors, private press books, examples of the best printing and binding in England. We possess the entire stock of many items offered, and when they are sold the books will then be out of print.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP

8 Arlington Street Boston

E. Barrington's

"The Ladies!"

and

The Gallants

EVERYONE who reads *Glorious Apollo* or *The Divine Lady* will enjoy these books.

Illustrated. $3.50 *each*

The Atlantic Monthly Bookshop]
8 Arlington Street, Boston

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

JOSEPH CONRAD, A REMINISCENCE *By Cecil Roberts*

Here is the record of the friendship of two men of letters, the one a veteran novelist, rich in years and experience, the other a young writer eager to learn from the master.

ARISTIDE BRIAND *By Jules Sauerwein*

At the moment of writing, M. Briand happens to be Premier of France. He has held that office many times before and will doubtless hold it many times again. This penetrating character-sketch shows, among other things, to what his success is due.

THE PROPHECY *By Eden Phillpotts*

Often compared with Thomas Hardy, whose new book of poems is being reviewed by Sir Edmund Gosse in next week's issue, Mr. Phillpotts is in his happiest vein in this story of a country girl who believed in fortune-telling.

WHAT JOSEPHUS TELLS US OF JESUS *By C. F. Lehmann-Haupt*

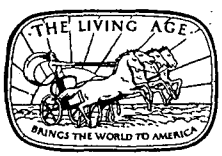
New and nearly contemporary history of Jesus of Nazareth as set down by the historian Josephus is here unfolded for the first time. Needless to say, this is an essay of the very first importance.

WHEN MUSSOLINI WAS A SOCIALIST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *JANUARY 30, 1926* — NO. 4256



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

UNSTABLE CABINETS

RESPONSIBLE government is being put to a severe test in Continental Europe. Germany has been carrying on for some weeks without a cabinet, and France, to quote Sisley Huddleston in the *New Statesman*, 'changes her ministers with the same facility as one changes a shirt — not quite so quickly perhaps, because ministers are made of more clinging material.' Were the French crisis not so serious, M. Briand, who decidedly is not made of 'clinging material' when it comes to public office, would probably have resigned before these lines were written. A certain pettiness in public life, of which France has no monopoly, characterizes her treatment of all domestic questions. To be sure, the textile-manufacturers of Northern France made what might seem to be a generous gesture in offering to pledge their credit as security for a loan of ten billion francs, or something under four hundred million dollars, to enable the Government to stabilize the currency. But this tender, which aroused immediate doubts and jealousies among other industries, was after all not quite so disinterested as it seemed. For spinners and weavers import all their raw materials and must pay for them in pounds or dollars. A tobogganing exchange, therefore, is likely to place them in a serious predicament. Moreover, the remedy, had it been accepted, would have been merely a palliative and not a cure.

Fundamentally, as has been dinned into our ears for months, France's troubles are due to the fact that her people will not pay taxes. M. Herriot pointed out not long ago that only a quarter of a million people in France confessed to having an income of over fifteen hundred dollars a year, and added: 'Yet there are more than 570,000 private motor-cars in the country.' M. Pierre Deyris, the Reporter of the Budget, has informed the Chamber that if existing taxes were really collected there would be no deficit. In other words, a government — and France is not unique in this respect — whose citizens are ready to lay down their lives for their country cannot persuade those citizens to give it money to carry on and meet its obligations. The following incident, reported

Copyright 1926, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the editor of the London *Spectator*, illustrates this: —

> We happened ourselves to hear the other day about an Englishman who is farming in France. When his income-tax form reached him he filled it up as carefully and fairly as he would have filled up such a paper in England. Shortly afterward some important local officials visited him. They said that they had come to inquire into his income-tax. The Englishman protested that he thought he had made a fair return, but if he could be proved to have underestimated his income he would be quite ready to acknowledge his mistake. But the reasons for the visit were not what he had supposed. The officials declared that if he offered to pay a comparatively large sum it would not be long before the whole industry was being taxed at the same rate. It was really most important, they argued, that he should be considerate and loyal.

It is suggestive of how much deeper financial wounds cut into the body politic than any other that they should have made the thoughts of democratic France turn to a dictatorship, while ex-monarchical Germany tolerates with comparative calm a parliamentary deadlock that has virtually deprived it of a cabinet for several weeks. Rather ironically, Moderate Socialists in both countries, whose chief difference with their most violent enemies, the Communists, is their advocacy of parliamentary institutions, are chiefly responsible for the failure of these institutions to function smoothly. Though they are a minority in both the Chamber and the Reichstag, they refuse to compromise with their 'bourgeois' colleagues. A certain doctrinaire inflexibility inhibits their desire to make representative government a success. A suspicion that they want a fiscal programme that will wipe out the wealth of the middle classes and make France entirely peasant and proletarian accounts in no slight degree for the undoubted growth of Fascist sentiment among their opponents. Germany faces no such problem. Its middle classes have managed somehow to survive — though sadly weakened — the crisis of extreme inflation. For the moment at least they are no longer vitally threatened, and their demand for a dictator has ceased.

❖

ITALY AND THE VATICAN

A DISPATCH to the effect that a recent statement from the Vatican deploring Fascist violence in Italy has been received with ill-will by the Fascist leaders and their press calls attention to the larger question here involved. As our readers know, the alienation of Church and State in Italy originated with the suppression of the temporal power of the Papacy more than fifty years ago. But the breach between the heads of the Government of Rome and the head of the Roman Church might have been bridged over had it not been that the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which until the World War was powerful in Vatican councils, was secretly inimical to Italian aspirations. When that obstacle was removed an era of better feeling dawned.

Mussolini and his advisers were quick to seize upon the promise of this situation. A reconciliation with the Holy See might ingratiate the new Government with millions of Roman Catholics abroad, and even open possibilities for quasi-imperial expansion in the Levant. For a time Mussolini considered the possibility that Zionism might fail in the Holy Land and that Italy, with the intervention of the Pope, might be given a mandate over the territory where the Holy Places are situated. More than that, a good understanding with the Church would strengthen Fascist power at home.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor was the advent of Fascism, we are told, unwelcome at the time being to the Church authorities, who felt that it had possibly saved Italy from grave disaster. Many Italian priests were enthusiastic supporters of the new régime and — possibly stretching their liberty in this respect — granted every assistance to the new Fascist authorities in the execution of their functions.

But the Roman Church is essentially international. At the Curia practically every race and country is represented. It naturally could not make itself the servant of ultra-Nationalist Black Shirt enthusiasts. The last thing the Vatican could permit was its identification with Italy as an Italian institution. Added to this is the natural repugnance that a Church of peace feels for a policy of violence.

Consequently, according to current report, a halt has been called upon the activities of clerical enthusiasts who have committed themselves too wholeheartedly to Fascist propaganda, and the Church has made its disapproval of Fascist tactics clear. The extent to which this constitutes a setback for Mussolini's Government is not fully appreciated. Much of the agitation and violence of the Fascisti against the Freemasons is said to have been inspired by the hope that this would win the sympathy of the ecclesiastical powers. But violence, even against the excommunicated Masons, has, we are told, been a cause for further estrangement. Hence the chilling of the cordiality between Rome's secular and spiritual rulers. 'The difference between the ideas of Signor Mussolini and the Curia is that the former desires the Vatican to identify itself with Fascism, while the Curia, with its international responsibility, has no intention of prejudicing the Church's independence.'

Fascist imperialism may easily become a problem in European politics not unlike that which the imperialism of Louis XIV presented in the eighteenth century and that of Kaiser William II in the nineteenth century. To be sure, Italy's energies are more likely to be directed abroad than to the European mainland, although her emigrants are flooding Southern France to the no slight perturbation of Paris, and more than one suggestion has been flashed from temperamental Fascist editors and orators that Italy's star of destiny leads across the Maritime Alps. Nevertheless Italian ambition seems to lie rather to the eastward — if not in the Balkans, at least in Asia Minor and North Africa. The London *Outlook* suggests editorially: 'New Fascism is but old Prussianism writ large — the same honesty and efficiency, the same ruthlessness and autocracy.' Exceptions to the universality of the honesty may exist — as they did, for that matter, under the old government in Berlin.

❦

RUSSIA'S CONVALESCENCE PAINS

RUSSIA has been purchasing abroad of late on long credits large quantities of machinery, agricultural equipment, household commodities, electro-technical plant, wrought iron, and other necessities. The Finance Commissar Sokolnikov, who is worried lest the Soviet Government's mounting foreign obligations may depreciate the chervonets, condemns this method of rebuilding trade as overhasty and artificial. On the other hand, Dzerzhinskii, the Commissar for Trade, vigorously defends the present policy as constructive and calculated to develop the productive capacity of the country and thus eventually restore the trade balance. The coming budget estimates the profits from concessions, of which the principal are to Harriman and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Krupps, at nearly five million rubles, and it is estimated that these receipts will be rapidly augmented as the concessionaires get under way. The Krupp firm has already imported more than thirty thousand sheep from East Prussia for the concession of some seventy thousand acres recently described in the *Living Age*. It has also placed nearly seven thousand acres under crops and has had good harvests, but has made little profit on account of the high cost of transportation.

The outstanding feature of the more recent negotiations between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers — negotiations that help to explain the presence of so many prominent Soviet leaders at the capitals and health resorts of Western Europe — has been an intimation that the Bolshevist constitutional decree repudiating Russia's pre-Revolutionary debts does not necessarily bar the present Government from making substantial payments to the claimants. Such payments would be mere acts of grace, involving no recognition of the validity of those debts. In fact, Russia seems inclined to take toward some of her Western creditors a position exactly opposite to that which some of our European debtors take toward us: she would refuse to recognize her debts but try to pay them, instead of recognizing her debts and neglecting to pay them.

Of course, two motives lie behind this change of attitude: Russia wants new credits, and she wants recognition. She may refuse, for the time being at least, to join the League of Nations, but her present masters doubtless desire to be recognized as legitimate equals among the other rulers of the earth. Were they to gain that, plus security against attempts by the 'capitalist powers' to upset their government, the subterranean agitation of the Third International, which is after all a defensive device against foreign interference in Russia's domestic affairs, might subside.

The doubtless overadvertised split in the Russian Communist Party is another symptom of these convalescent pains. This has developed into an open controversy between Zinoviev and the radical Third Internationalists installed at Leningrad on the one hand, who insist upon the old, uncompromising proletarian policy of the 1917 revolutionists, and the Moscow school of the Party in power, led by Stalin, which is ready to make concessions to economic realities, to court cooperation with Western bourgeois Powers, and to place itself at the head of a reformist and constructive policy based on practical experience rather than abstract dogma.

A British business man who recently visited Moscow describes in a signed article in the *Spectator* his impressions of that city, where he thought conditions 'very creditable to the authorities.' 'As far as I could judge,' he writes, 'the country between Riga and Moscow and thence to Warsaw is being very well cultivated.' Moscow with its two and a half million inhabitants bore every evidence of being a busy and reasonably prosperous place. 'There is an excellent tramway service, and the cars are usually crowded, and sometimes fearfully overcrowded; but the traffic is very efficiently handled. A new service of motor-buses made in England is well patronized. . . . The streets and boulevards are well lighted, the latest arc lamps being used, and a start has been made with macadam to replace the irregular cobblestones that are so distressing to pedestrians.'

Religion may be discouraged, but it is not entirely suppressed. 'There are about two hundred churches in Mos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cow, and although some are closed and a few converted into schools there would seem to be plenty left for legitimate use.' At the Church of the Redeemer, where he attended services, he found 'some hundreds of devout worshipers . . . an ornate ritual, and grand music.' There was no sermon, however, 'and I was told that this is now the only restriction imposed by the authorities upon the clergy.' People apparently had money to spend freely, and the shops were crowded. The same was true of the theatres, where what we should call orchestra seats cost about two dollars each.

❧

POLITICS IN INDIA

THE Indian independence movement, if we may trust accounts that filter through to us via British media, is virtually paralyzed for the moment by factionalism and diversity of counsels. Three general groups emerge from this confusion: noncoöperators, either of the pacifist or the militarist school, who will have nothing to do with the present Government; Swarajists, who are ready to take office, either for the purpose of pushing forward toward autonomy from that vantage ground, or for the purpose of wrecking the Government from within; and Independents, who refuse to commit themselves to any programme, but in general favor a more conservative course than either of the other groups. No one of these three parties is strong enough to control the situation. Gandhi, while he still exercises great moral influence over his fellow countrymen, no longer counts in the political field. At the last Indian National Congress held at Cawnpore during Christmas week a motion was carried in favor of 'mass civil disobedience' until full self-government is accorded to India. But this commits only one group to that policy. While the Congress was sitting at Cawnpore, the delegates of the All India Moslem League were assembled at Aligarh, where their debates portended anything but harmonious coöperation with the Hindus. Meanwhile ten active members of the Labor Party in Great Britain, including George Lansbury, A. J. Cook, the Radical miners' leader, and A. A. Purcell, who is conspicuous for his pronounced friendliness for Soviet Russia, have circulated an appeal in the British press in favor of giving India commonwealth status.

Mahatma Gandhi, who recently completed another fast, this time of seven days, against the protests of many of his followers, thus excuses himself in his journal, *Young India*, for persisting in the practice: 'The public will have to neglect my fasts and cease to worry about them. They are a part of my being. I can as well do without my eyes, for instance, as I can without fasts. What the eyes are for the outer world, fasts are for the inner. And much as I should like the latest fast to be the very last in my life, something within me tells me that I might have to go through many such ordeals and, who knows, much more trying. I may be wholly wrong. Then the world will be able to write an epitaph over my ashes, "Well deserved, thou fool." But for the time being my error, if it be one, must sustain me. Is it not better that I satisfy my conscience though misguided, because not perfectly pure, than that I should listen to every voice, be it ever so friendly but by no means infallible?'

❧

MINOR NOTES

AN account of the activities of the Third International during the first five years, which has recently been published at Moscow, places the number of 'pure' Communists in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world at less than two million. The largest group is, naturally, the Russian Party, with nearly seven hundred thousand members. Germany has approximately one half that number, and Czechoslovakia something less than 200,000. France is credited with 75,000, Norway with 45,000, Italy with 43,000, Bulgaria with 39,000, and Finland with 32,000. After that the number of unalloyed and unquestionably orthodox members of the faith decreases rapidly in the roll call of different countries, there being only five thousand in Great Britain and apparently not enough in the United States to be recorded in the extract of these statistics that reaches our desk. But the propaganda is world-wide, and its missionaries are especially active in the more backward countries and the colonies. Furthermore, a distinction must be drawn between the Simon-pure contributing Communists enrolled upon the Party lists and the marginal adherents who hover outside the portals of the tabernacle of the elect.

AMONG the seven hundred thousand foreigners in Paris there are supposed to be some forty thousand North Africans. A majority of these natives belong to the Caucasian race and are indistinguishable from South Europeans. While some of them are people of culture and independent means, a majority herd together in overcrowded quarters where they prepare their food and eat it in the rooms in which they sleep. They find employment as day laborers, street-cleaners, and handy men around factories; and as a class are by no means spendthrifts, but remit such large sums to their parents and relatives in Africa that much property formerly belonging to French settlers there is now reverting to native owners. One post office in Kabylia handles on an average twelve million francs a year in such remittances.

CHRISTMAS CARTOONS FROM EUROPE

SYRIAN BOY. 'Mother, is that the star of Bethlehem?'

MOTHER. 'My child, that's the French bombarding our village.'

— *Nebelspalter*, Zurich

SANTA CLAUS CHAMBERLAIN. 'That'll set their Christmas candles ablaze.'

— *New Leader*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKING A SHAH IN PERSIA[1]

THE RISE OF RIZA KHAN PAHLAVI

BY WOLSELEY HAIG

[THE author is Professor of Persian at Trinity College, Dublin. After a long service in India, he spent ten years in an official capacity for his Government in Persia.]

IN 1919 an Agreement was concluded between His Majesty's Government and the Government of Persia, providing for the reorganization of the Persian Army under British officers and the appointment of British advisers for the purpose of reforming most of the departments of the administration, which were in great disorder and honeycombed with corruption. The occasion was the formation in Russia of an aggressive Bolshevist government, which it was feared would attempt to carry its arms into Persia, and either annex the country or impose upon it a native government controlled by agents from Moscow. That this fear was not chimerical was proved by the landing, in 1920, on the southern shore of the Caspian, of a Bolshevist rabble from Baku, which occupied the town of Resht and most of the lowlands lying between the sea and the ascent to the inland plateau of Persia. The marauders were disowned by Moscow, but ample evidence of the complicity of the Central Soviet Government was discovered.

A mixed brigade of British and Indian troops had, some time before, been stationed at Kazvin, ninety miles northwest of Teheran, to protect the Persian capital from Russian aggression, and it was originally intended that this force should remain until the Anglo-Persian Agreement had been ratified and its provisions so far fulfilled as to furnish Persia with an army capable of withstanding an invader, but the Persian Government, having concluded the Agreement, was in no haste to implement it, though it had been warned that British troops could not remain indefinitely at Kazvin, where, though their presence was welcome to all, they had no definite status and were a heavy charge on the British Treasury. Notice of their withdrawal in the spring of 1920 had been given, but its postponement to the autumn encouraged the belief that the threat was a mere *brutum fulmen*, and that we should never allow Persia to fall into the hands of Bolshevist Russia.

Meanwhile our representative concurred in the resignation of the Government that had concluded the Agreement, but had not discharged its obligations, and assented to the appointment of a cabinet under Mushir-ud-Daula, who was bitterly hostile to the Agreement. He even encouraged him to accept office by promising to continue to him the payment, by monthly installments, of a very large sum of the money of British taxpayers

[1] From the *National Review* (London Tory monthly), *December*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that had been assigned to the Persian Government as an advance from a loan of two millions sterling, to be granted on the fulfillment of the Agreement.

In view of such weakness as this the Persians may be pardoned for having believed that the troops would never be withdrawn, and that the funds at the disposal of the British Minister, since they could be expended in this manner, must be inexhaustible. The actual withdrawal of the troops was a rude shock, but it is doubtful whether it shook the Cabinet's confidence in its ability to wheedle more, and ever more, money from the British Exchequer. When, however, the Prime Minister was informed that the allotted sum was exhausted and that no further doles would be paid, he promptly resigned, having depleted the treasury and brought his country to the verge of ruin.

Persia had herself to thank for the position in which she found herself. Had the Agreement been promptly ratified and fulfilled she would have had by this time, in (1) the Cossack Brigade, a force formerly under Russian officers, (2) the loyal remnant of the gendarmerie, which had not acquiesced in the sale of the force by its Swedish officers to the Germans, and (3) the South Persian Rifles, a most efficient body of troops raised and trained by British officers and brigaded at Shiraz and Kirman, the nucleus of an excellent army, and for her pressing needs a force sufficient to expel the Bolsheviki and protect the capital. The whole loan of two millions, less the sums already squandered, would have sufficed for the maintenance of this army until the revenues of the country, stabilized by British advisers, were capable of meeting the charges both of the army and of the civil administration.

The presence of Russian officers with the Cossack Brigade, the headquarters of which was now at Kazvin, had been a danger. Their sympathies were with the old régime, and the maintenance of a body of troops under Imperialist Russian officers in a country bordering on the Soviet State would certainly have given rise to complications. All would probably have remained true to their principles, but the risk of some being tempted by the prospect of high command in the Red Army to betray their trust was not negligible. They had therefore been removed some months before, and the command of the force had devolved upon the senior Persian officer, Riza Khan, a man of humble origin but of great strength of character, who had originally joined the Cossack Brigade as a groom, and had risen, by merit alone, to commissioned rank. The Cossack Brigade, which had driven the Bolsheviki from Resht, but had been defeated and compelled to retire, in some disorder, on Kazvin, where it now formed the sole force between the Bolsheviki and the capital, had been left unpaid, unfed, and unclad to suffer great hardships in the snow.

Riza Khan finally lost patience with a government capable of so callously and shamefully neglecting its only defenders, and resolved to overthrow it. To conceal his design he announced that a regiment of six hundred Cossacks stationed at Teheran, the discipline of which was said to have suffered by its absence from headquarters, would be transferred to Kazvin on its relief by a similar force from that garrison. Secretly he made preparations to march on Teheran in force, and as he was a simple soldier, ill-educated, and ignorant of the details of civil administration, he required at first an assistant capable of supplying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his defects. He found one in Sayyid Ziya-ud-din, a patriotic but visionary young journalist of Teheran.

For what followed, the British Legation, which was wholly innocent, received the blame. Sayyid Ziya-ud-din was well known to be a personal friend of the British Consul at Teheran; it was discovered afterward that a British officer at Kazvin had been in Riza Khan's confidence, and it was presumed that he had acted under the instructions of the British Minister. The British Legation had a private wire to Kazvin, worked by British military signalers; it was probably known that this wire was used for confidential communications, and it was assumed that very little could happen at Kazvin without the cognizance of the Legation. Finally, the Acting Counselor of the British Legation visited Riza Khan's camp by night immediately before he entered Teheran. The motive was said to be revenge for the failure of the Persian Government to carry out the provisions of the Agreement. The chain of evidence seemed fairly complete, and yet, black as things appeared against the Legation, all the very obvious inferences drawn from these facts were wrong.

In the first place, Sayyid Ziya-ud-din said nothing to the Consul, or to anybody else in the Legation, of his intentions, and took very effectual steps to conceal from all his departure from Teheran. Giving out that he was confined to his bed and was too ill to receive even his intimate friends, he left the town by night, in his own carriage, to join Riza Khan on the road between Kazvin and Teheran. Secondly, nothing of what passed between Riza Khan and the British officer at Kazvin was known to anybody in the Legation until after the success of the coup d'état. Thirdly, Riza Khan, on leaving Kazvin, took the precaution of interrupting all telegraphic communication between that town and Teheran, so that no news of his movements was received. It was probably believed that he would not presume to meddle with the Legation's private line, but he did. Lastly, the Acting Counselor went out at his own suggestion, and with the Minister's approval, after certain news of Riza Khan's approach had been received, to induce him to halt outside the town.

On the afternoon of February 20, 1921, a prince, nearly related to the Shah, called on me and told me that he had been informed that Riza Khan was approaching the town with a large force of Cossacks, and that his intentions were unknown. I told him that I knew nothing of the movement, that the report was probably exaggerated, and that I believed the Cossacks to be the regiment from Kazvin coming to relieve the regiment at Teheran. He was not quite satisfied, but went out in his motor-car to reconnoitre. He was arrested and detained by Riza Khan, and probably believes to this day that I willfully led him into a trap.

I was next visited by Colonel Gleerup, the Swedish officer commanding the remnant of the gendarmerie, who repeated the news given to me by the Prince. I made the same suggestion that I had made to the prince, but Colonel Gleerup said that some of his mounted gendarmes had seen the Cossacks and estimated their numbers at over two thousand, with guns. I admitted that if this were true matters looked serious, but was still inclined to believe that his men had exaggerated, as Persians will, the numbers of the Cossacks. To this he would not agree, and I was obliged to admit that the guns put a different aspect on the matter. He asked me what he should do, and I asked him what men he had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and what his orders were. He said that he had some gendarmes and some men of the Central Brigade of the 'Regular' troops, both admittedly inferior in military value to the Cossacks, and the 'Regulars' practically worthless, the whole force numbering less than a thousand, with three or four guns, but no ammunition. I then told him that futile resistance would be worse than none at all: it would exasperate the Cossacks, and he and his men would probably not be the only sufferers. He was obviously much relieved, said that he would follow my advice, and left.

The Shah and the Cabinet were beside themselves with terror, so I proposed to the British Minister that I should go out and try to persuade Riza Khan to remain where he was until the morning, when matters could be arranged at a conference between him and the Shah's ministers. The British Minister agreed, and when it became known that I was going out the Shah and the Prime Minister resolved to send their representatives with me.

On reaching the Cossack outposts we were much impressed by the order and discipline that prevailed. In the dark we could see little of Riza Khan's general dispositions, but it would have been impossible to surprise him, for his line of outposts was evidently complete, and all were on the alert. No objection was made to admitting us when it was ascertained who we were, but every precaution was taken, and we were repeatedly stopped and questioned until we reached a picket, the officer in command of which arranged for a more rapid transit for us through the lines by placing a man on each car with orders to pass us through.

Riza Khan was encamped in a partly deserted village about six miles from Teheran, and we were shown into an unoccupied hut, dimly lighted by a cheap oil-lamp and containing no other furniture whatever, so that we were obliged to remain standing. Riza Khan was engaged in another part of the camp, and more than twenty minutes passed before he appeared and greeted us, apologizing for the poorness of the accommodation, which was all, he said, that he could offer us. He is a man of a fine soldierly figure and presence, with a curt and decided, but not discourteous, manner.

The Shah's representative spoke first, the Prime Minister's representative added a very few words, and I spoke last. While one of us was speaking a man in a black frock-coat and Persian hat entered the hut. In the semidarkness and in that dress I did not at first recognize him, but soon saw that it was Sayyid Ziya-ud-din, who had always until then worn the black turban of a Sayyid. I greeted him, and the conversation was resumed. Riza Khan answered the three of us together, or rather he answered two of us, ignoring the Prime Minister's representative. He said that the Cossacks, unpaid, unfed, without boots or shoes, blankets or greatcoats, had been left out in the snow by the Persian Government to fight the Bolsheviki, and had naturally been defeated. British troops had defended the capital so long as they remained, and had looked after the Cossacks, for which he was grateful, but one Persian government after another had entirely neglected them. He intended to remedy this state of things, and was marching to the capital to establish a government that would set its house in order instead of prating about the *Majlis*, the Constitution, and such irrelevant matters. He knew what the Bolsheviki were, and was resolved that everything possible should be done to keep them out of Teheran. He was entirely loyal to the Shah, and intended to remove his evil

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counselors, but would not hear of a conference with them.

With this declaration the Shah's representative and I were fain to content ourselves. There was little more to be said, but I begged Riza Khan to abstain from violence, warning him that an administration originating in bloodshed would never command the good-will of the people. He received my request sympathetically, but said that before he could give me any assurance he must know what resistance he was likely to meet, as he was resolved to enter the city at all costs. I repeated my conversation with Colonel Gleerup, and he assured me that there should be no unnecessary violence.

This ended our conversation, but we were detained for nearly an hour while arrangements were being made to pass us out through the lines, and during this time we observed that the column was preparing to march on the city. The men were falling in by the light of lamps, flares, and torches, and were marching off. We saw several machine-guns, and counted twelve guns. I reached the Legation a little before 11 P.M. and reported the result of our mission, but the representatives of the Shah and the Premier were detained, lest they should incite the gendarmes to resist, and entered the city after the Cossacks. At 1.45 A.M. I was disturbed by the sound of three volleys of rifle fire and three rounds of shrapnel, but these were apparently not fired into the city, for they did no damage, and were intended only as an indication of Riza Khan's determination to enter the town.

By daylight the Cossacks had entered the town and occupied all Government establishments. The leaders were too tired to do anything more on that day, but on the following day waited on the Shah, who appointed Sayyid Ziya-ud-din Prime Minister and Riza Khan Minister of War. Subordinate ministers were appointed, martial law was proclaimed, and the new ministers set to work to carry on the business of government and to purify the administration. Economies amounting to over twenty thousand pounds sterling a month were effected, and one of their earliest measures was the arrest and imprisonment of many members of the former governing class, including some royal princes. Many, perhaps most, of these had been guilty of misappropriation of public money, and they were called upon, under threats of violence, and in some cases of death, to disgorge their plunder.

I forget the occasion of Sayyid Ziya-ud-din's dismissal a few months later, but believe that the pretext was some overt act of disrespect to the Shah. The point, however, is not material, for it was apparent to all that the Sayyid would not long survive his period of usefulness. Riza Khan's natural abilities soon gave him sufficient insight into the details of administration to enable him to control and check subordinate ministers, and he could not long endure his visionary young colleague's airs of importance. The soldier was the brazen and the journalist the earthen vessel.

Since then Riza Khan has ruled the country. He is a Mussolini rather than a Robespierre or a Lenin, for his task has been to build up rather than to destroy, and he has never subjected himself to the tyranny of foolish shibboleths. His suggestion of a republic was a *ballon d'essai*, the launching of which was inspired by the Shah's selfishness, lack of patriotism, and neglect of duty, which also have inspired Riza Khan's latest venture, the overthrow of the Kajar dynasty and the transference of the crown to his own head.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He is well qualified to rule and to free himself from the vexatious restrictions of a Constitution for which his country is not, as yet, ready. But has Riza Khan any sons worthy to succeed him? Above all, has he imbued his countrymen with his own spirit? If he has not, Persia will fall back into the slough of corruption from which he is laboriously drawing her. He can guide her in the path of progress, but what will happen when his guiding hand is withdrawn, as it must one day be withdrawn, by death? If his rule, whether as Prime Minister, President, Dictator, or King, is what is vulgarly known as a 'one-man show,' the future of Persia is dark indeed. Let us hope that he may succeed in training her for the task of working out her own salvation.

GREECE UNDER A TYRANNUS[1]

BY AN OBSERVER IN ATHENS

ATHENS shows little trace of the events that only a month ago were heralded in the London streets by posters announcing 'Another Revolution in Greece,' 'Bloodshed in Athens.' We take our revolutions too seriously in England, perhaps because we have lost the tradition, and our language is the poorer for lack of a word to express a change of government in which the army takes a hand. It was a movement of this kind that brought General Pangalos into power. No life was lost; indeed, not a shot was fired. The technique of the affair was brilliant in its simplicity. Hearing that he was to be arrested, General Pangalos and a few of his friends seized the telegraph office in the dead of night, informed Saloniki that the army and the fleet had overthrown the Government, and asked if the troops there wished to join the movement. With the hasty and enthusiastic adhesion of Saloniki in his pocket, he had no difficulty in winning over the armed forces in Athens, and the Government came down to breakfast to find itself superseded. Although the press in its own time proclaimed that life was again normal, the announcement was otiose, for the state of 'normalcy' had been unbroken except for a few clerks who had taken a day's holiday.

For the stranger returning after an absence of five months the revolution and its consequences awake only a mild curiosity in comparison with the exciting change from early spring to full summer. The brilliant green of the veldt and its carpet of wild flowers of many colors have given way to a uniform brown, and in the blinding glare of high noon the Acropolis presents an aspect of its buildings and of the Attic landscape new and amazingly beautiful. One knew the mystery, the awful majesty, of the Parthenon under a full moon at midnight. One had felt the romantic charm of the view from the temple of Athena Nike on a spring morning after rain, with the March wind driving scuds of cloud over a blue sky, with the unceasing

[1] From the *Round Table* (London Liberal-Imperial quarterly), *December*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

play of light and shade on Parnes and Hymettus, and the distant mountains of the Peloponnese wreathed in snow. But the almost unbearable contrast of full sunlight and deep shadow among the marble columns was unimagined and unimaginable. It seemed to be an image of that other contrast between the glory of Hellenic civilization and the harshness and cruelty of many aspects of Greek life, and at the same time to suggest a clue, through the revelation that even Nature in Greece at certain seasons is pitiless.

The Greeks of to-day are nothing if not democrats. That they have been torn by revolutions and have tolerated dictatorships is no evidence of hostility to democracy. It is rather a result of the imperfect practice of democratic government. Modern Greece has become an example of that diseased democracy that Plato describes with the scornful brilliance of a man who sees his deepest prejudices justified by the mistakes of others. The division of parties into factions, the lack of leaders, the rise of demagogues, created conditions where democracy was stultifying government. There lies the dictator's opportunity, and it was seized by General Pangalos as it had been seized in Italy by Signor Mussolini. A wise dictator works, if he can, through constitutional forms, and in seeking a vote of confidence for his Government from the Assembly and in accepting the restraint of a Parliamentary Commission during the recess General Pangalos followed the sound tradition. But in the long run, if a dictatorship is to maintain itself, it needs not only dissimulation but positive achievement. The doubt that clouds the future of the new Government is whether it can imitate the Fascist régime to the extent of revitalizing the administration of the country.

The personality of a dictator will always be a fascinating study. An irreconcilable opponent remarked to-day, '*En tout cas, il n'est pas le premier venu.*' A first glance might raise doubts whether even that modest admission was not an overstatement. Small and almost insignificant in appearance, General Pangalos has none of the physical fascination of a Mussolini. But he has a quick intelligence, endless courage, reserves of nervous strength, and a real humor. His worst enemies have never doubted his honesty of mind and purpose, and he has continued to live the hard and simple life of the Greek countryside. Like all successful soldiers, he knows what he wants, and is apt to underestimate the difficulty of getting it.

The military method of quick decisions may lead to curious results in problems of finance and economics. It is a simple matter for a dictator to ordain over his boiled egg that henceforth fish shall be served in hotels and restaurants only on three days a week, in order that the poor may enjoy a fish diet on the other four. But what is he to do when the fishermen decide that it is not worth while fishing for the poor, and that if they double the price to the rich they can sleep in the sun every other day? So too with speculation in the exchange — a habit that others before General Pangalos have found it difficult to eradicate. A simple threat of hanging in Constitution Square may seem adequate, since all Greece remembers that the Dictator did in fact three years ago shoot six ministers. Yet somehow even the memory of that act has lost its terrors. Everyone feels that the atmosphere is different in some subtle way. It is much as though Joynson-Hicks had threatened to revive Dora. No one would be alarmed, because we should all know that he could not get by with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it. The danger with General Pangalos is not that he will be lacking in good intentions, but that he will have too many and will dissipate his very real strength in tilting at windmills.

The degeneracy of politics finds little counterpart in the economic life of Greece. In spite of the weaknesses of instability and speculation, there are many signs of vital energy. After her disastrous experiences in Asia Minor, Greece is now left to consolidate a territory substantially Greek and homogeneous. It is extensive but not unmanageable, and much of the new land in Macedonia and Thrace carries great possibilities. The population has been increased by the influx of over a million refugees from Asia Minor, and, whatever may be the immediate difficulties of absorbing these numbers, there can be little doubt that these immigrants from the home of the Greek race will reinvigorate the stock and hasten the material development of the country.

The work being done by the League of Nations through the Refugee Commission would be impossible if it were not for the industry, independence, and resourcefulness of most of the refugees. For generations Greece has sent some of her best blood to the ends of the earth — less in battalions, as in those days when Greek settlements spread from the Crimea to the Pillars of Hercules, than as single spies. By their energy and their unbroken *animus revertendi*, these emigrants have been a corner stone of Greek prosperity. To-day the best minds in the nation are turning to the development of the resources of Greece itself. They feel that the time has come for a wise expenditure on reproductive public works, and that, just as Australia and South Africa have taken chances on the prospects of the future, so should Greece. After eighteen hundred years Athens is no longer to be dependent on the aqueduct of Hadrian for its water. Large tracts of valuable land in Macedonia are being drained and brought under cultivation. Attica is to have an efficient electricity supply for its rapidly increasing population and its growing industries. These are only the first stages of what may well prove to be an economic revolution in Greece. Its greatest asset is the extraordinary power of individual enterprise among the Greeks, with its corollary in a distaste for Socialism. Against this, there are the obvious dangers of political disunion and instability.

To alight from an American motor within ten yards of the Lion Gate at Mycenæ must still seem incongruous. Yet America has taken possession of the Argolis. From the bare hilltop, which was crowned by the halls of Agamemnon, the only crop now to be seen on the plain below is tobacco. Centuries of denudation, aided by malaria and the Turk, have wrought such a change that a great imaginative effort is needed if we are to picture Mycenæ as the stronghold of a rich and powerful civilization. As we approach Nauplia — that mediæval citadel of the Venetians and the Turks, with its unmistakable air of Italy and its incomparable outlook across the bay to the mountains of Laconia — cultivation improves and the richness of the plain of Argos seems less of a legend.

In Argos itself, after a succession of Albanian villages, the Peloponnesian type appears, heavy, handsome, unemotional, almost phlegmatic, full of the dignity of a solid conservatism. One welcomes the relief from the volatile Athenians, with their restless, spasmodic energy, their constant search for 'some new thing.' There passes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through one's mind the rather uncomfortable thought that as a nation our sympathies would probably have been with Sparta in the Peloponnesian War. Much in the same way, no doubt, many Englishmen have felt a kind of mental disturbance in admitting even to themselves that, take them all in all, they preferred the Germans to the French. The innkeeper in Nauplia, a Laconian from a village near Sparta, told us with pride how in his Doric dialect words and forms survived from '*le bon Grec*' that had fallen into disuse elsewhere. His first triumphant example was that he would call a donkey *onos*. Even without this impressive instance of continuity, one would feel little hesitation in rejecting the too common view that the modern Greeks are a different race from the ancients. The ancients themselves were a product of migrations and much racial intermingling, and the significance of the history of the last two thousand years is merely that the same process has continued. Goths and Franks, Italians, Turks and Albanians, have left the trace of their sojourn or their passage on the people, as on the language, but they were powerless to destroy either the one or the other. On any night in Athens, Phaleron, or Kephisia, in any restaurant where they dance, you may see among many types several with that same perfection of form and feature that distinguished the models of Praxiteles. If there is no Praxiteles in Greece to-day, neither is there in England any school of dramatists comparable with the Elizabethans.

The guns on Lycabettus had been saluting the publication of the Constitution, and almost before their echoes had died away the town was set by the ears by the news that the Government had dissolved the Assembly. This was meat and drink to the politicians of the cafés and the street corners, for the news had the unusual quality of being unsuspected. A political secret well kept is as rare in Greece as the dodo. The coup has raised the wind, and the orthodox political leaders abound in philippics. The man in the street wastes little sympathy on them or on the dismissed Assembly. He feels that the Government, in spite of its blunders, has done as well as any of its recent predecessors and better than some. As for the Assembly, he was heartily tired of it. It was elected two years ago to draft a Constitution, and, like all constituent bodies, neither finished its task nor showed any desire to finish it. The Parliamentary Commission, which came into being after the revolution in June, completed the draft, but with curious additions of its own, such as a provision that no prime minister should hold office for more than a year. Now that the Government has eliminated these idiosyncracies, the man in the street is prepared to welcome the Constitution as a document for which he had long been waiting and not to inquire too closely into its legality. His only concern is that fresh elections should be held after a reasonable interval. Your Athenian still has a regard for the observance of laws written and unwritten, and, while he will cheerfully pass a law to whitewash an illegality, he feels a strong dislike for an illegality not so redeemed.

The oracles say that, if he is wise, General Pangalos will satisfy this sentiment by proclaiming the date of the elections, and will trust for his majority to the continuance of his efforts to bring the Royalist parties back into active politics. He has realized that the division between Venizelists and Royalists is a false issue in Greek politics. It separates men who for years served together

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under Mr. Venizelos, and it perpetuates the remembrance of those differences between the Crown and the Government which lost all meaning when the Republic was established. Neither the restoration of the Monarchy nor the return of Mr. Venizelos is a living issue, and the feud between doctrinaire Monarchists, many of whom were once Venizelists, and the rump of the Venizelist Party can only embitter all political relations. With these views General Pangalos has had the courage to conciliate the Royalists and to seek their support for a policy based rather on broad national needs than on the maintenance of old war-cries. Whether he will persist in this line or attempt to continue in office as a dictator rests with himself and the army. It would be a mistake to assume that the army naturally favors a dictatorship: its support will tend to be given to the régime that has most to offer to the League of Officers. That, at least, is a phenomenon not peculiar to Greece.

The 'satiable curiosity' of the Greek mind doubtless accounts for the remarkable vogue in Greece of the newspaper press. In Athens and Piræus alone there are more than thirty journals of the kind so appropriately called 'ephemeral.' The circulation of many of them is insignificant, and with a few honorable exceptions they live by blackmail. In that agreeable art, as in *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, Fleet Street would find nothing to teach them, but it might well view with envy and admiration the standing that these accomplishments have won for the journalist's profession. No Greek journalist is ever kept waiting; no question he may ask is ever left unanswered.

An infallible rule for those who seek an audience of the great is to waste no time on private secretaries but to follow in the wake of a journalist. One will do as well as another; but if you know him, so much the better. From his daily peregrinations the journalist returns with copy enough to fill his paper. Twice a day ministers, ex-ministers, and would-be ministers are interviewed or make pronouncements. The favorite topic is the political situation — or, in other words, what your opponent said yesterday or you yourself did not say the day before. To-day for once there is a respite, all available space being taken up with the end of Yangoulas and his band of brigands. After three years of outlawry, twenty-two murders, and innumerable highway robberies, the bandits were tracked by a resolute troop of gendarmerie to a fastness on the heights of Mount Olympus and after a siege were killed or dispersed. A 'close-up' of their heads, as they are exposed in the nearest town, appears in the evening paper — two common criminals, and a young man with the fanatical face of a revolutionary, curiously like a portrait of Saint-Just. Brigandage, one is told, has diminished, but it survives and is most difficult to suppress near the frontiers. There, in a sort of no man's land, congregate hardened criminals and those who have a grudge against society and those who in a drunken quarrel or a fit of passion have killed their man and escaped the clutches of the law. They are a menace not only to honest travelers but to international peace, since in the feuds of rival bands no restraint of frontiers is known.

It is natural that Europe should still look to the Balkans as to an area in which war is endemic, and from which it may spread at any moment to the outside world. But here in Athens, without being allowed for a moment to forget that the Balkans are a storm-centre, one is reminded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that in many ways conditions have changed. Temporarily the Balkan peoples are exhausted. Greece and Yugoslavia have to consolidate their rule over vast new territories, to restore their finances, to rebuild their armaments; Bulgaria remains in sullen subjection, without any army, torn by political dissensions. Far more important is the new outlook in Turkey. That Turkey will come again, no one here doubts, but the expectation is universal that the effort will be made, not in Europe, but in Asia, not against Greece or Bulgaria, but in Mesopotamia and Syria.

The other new factor — and it is vital — is Italy. Italian ambitions in the Mediterranean are not of recent birth; the novelty lies in the method and the persistence with which they are developed. The bombardment of Corfu was an indiscretion, which warned the victim and alarmed Europe. It has been followed by the more subtle plan of commercial penetration on the German model, with subsidized shipping, subsidized air services, subsidized trade, and an unceasing propaganda to encourage the belief that Rome's 'great age begins anew.' Greece cannot hope to stand alone against Italian ambitions, and her efforts to obtain a renewal of the old alliance with Yugoslavia, her suggestion of a Balkan pact, are a recognition of the new orientation of Mediterranean politics. Amid many manifestations of a nationalist mentality, there is a genuine belief in the League, and also a regard for Great Britain that is very rare in Europe. For that sentiment the British Army can claim much credit, and among the simple peasantry of Macedonia the memory of the British Tommy survives as of a friend who was always cheerful and considerate and whose chief pleasure was to play with the children.

In a democracy run riot, political effort must often seem 'th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame.' One is driven to ask whether a form of government based even remotely on the expression of the popular will can be maintained in the conditions of modern Greece. Probably few of us would hesitate to give a negative answer if it were not for the recollection that Mr. Venizelos governed Greece after the manner of Pericles for two periods of almost six years each. That, no doubt, is a measure of the exceptional mental power and the acute political instinct of Mr. Venizelos. But Greece has rarely been without remarkable men, and at a time when political feuds are becoming less embittered, when an economic renaissance is in sight, and when new blood has been introduced into the nation, a certain optimism is not unwarranted. It is barely a hundred years since Byron found nothing left for the poet but

> For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

The Athens Byron knew was a great squalid village of ten thousand people; Piræus was deserted except for a night watchman and two customs officers. The two towns to-day support a million people, and that growth has sprung from Greek enterprise and commercial acumen under a national government.

It is an experience common to most travelers in Greece that the written word, however eloquent, fails in some way to convey more than a point of view, sometimes interesting, more often not. There has been no lack of attempts to communicate the charm and beauty of the Greek landscape or of the remains of the earliest European civilization that adorn it. We are out of touch with the emotions of the romantic era, and there is something almost repulsive in the effusions of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Byron or a Chateaubriand. The scholars who followed them were, with rare exceptions, too technical and wrote in terms more appropriate to the description of a post mortem on the victim of some mysterious disease. Three of the most distinguished writers of our own day have founded a more humane tradition, and in the notes of Charles Maurras, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Maurice Hewlett there is much that must appeal to anyone, who follows in their footsteps, as both true and suggestive. But the difficulty will always remain of committing to the universality of any linguistic form impressions that are primarily sensuous. The view from 'Sunium's marbled steep' over the Ægean to the islands; the Saronic Gulf and the mountains of the Peloponnese from the cliffs above Megara; the path of the full moon on the waters of the Bay at Phaleron; the first glimpse of the Parthenon and the sudden realization that its proportions were more perfect than those of any building one had ever seen; an hour at sunset in an English garden in Kephisia, looking over fields to the noble contours of Pentelikon and the ghostly scar on its face where the marble for the Acropolis was quarried — these are the moments that 'vibrate in the memory' and have the power to banish the turpitudes of politics and to bridge the gulf of centuries.

KING, QUEEN, AND JACK[1]

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

[The introductory note is by Julius Clausen, Librarian of the Royal Library of Copenhagen.]

In the *Collected Works* of Hans Christian Andersen almost everything our world-famous poet has written is included — even the most insignificant topical verses. Great was the surprise, therefore, when a beautiful little story for children that had never been published was discovered among the Andersen manuscripts in the Collin Autograph Collection.

The name of this story is 'King, Queen, and Jack'; in other words, it is a fairy tale based on a pack of playing-cards. It was hidden away as a little manuscript booklet of sixteen small pages, with a gray paper cover, evidently of Andersen's own manufacture. We know that he was handy with thread and needle, and he himself had evidently stitched the pages together.

This fairy tale was written during the summer of 1868, for with it was found a little personal memorandum called 'Traveling,' and, in parenthesis, 'In the Hotel.' The latter shows that the sensitive poet tried to turn an irritating experience into something poetic. He was then on his way home from Ems, where he had taken the cure, and stopped at Cologne for a few days in June 1868. The story was apparently written in the room of his hotel there, or at Altona.

We have an explanation of why this

[1] From *Berlingske Tidende* (Copenhagen Conservative daily), *December* 20

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story was never published. On reaching home Andersen read it to the critical Hoedt, who jokingly exclaimed: 'But what do you mean, Andersen! Why, you have written a positively revolutionary fairy tale! Don't you see, all the kings are burned up!'

Andersen was so pained to think that such a misconstruction might be placed upon his innocent composition, and so fearful that his loyalty might be doubted, that he never allowed the tale to be printed, although he was careful to preserve it among his papers.

KING, QUEEN, AND JACK

How many nice things we can make from paper and paste together! There was William, for instance, who had a castle so big that it filled the whole table. And how finely it was painted! It looked as if it were built of real red bricks, and it had a roof that shone like genuine copper. And there was a tower, and a real drawbridge, and water in the moat. Why, the castle was reflected from the water just as if in a mirror; well, it *was* a mirror.

On the tower stood a watchman, at the very highest point, and he was made from wood. And he had a trumpet to blow, but he did not blow it. The little boy could himself raise and lower the drawbridge. And he could make his tin soldiers march across the bridge, and he could open the castle gate and look right into the great knights' hall, and there on the walls were hanging pictures cut out of a pack of cards — regular playing-cards, with hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades, the kings with crowns and sceptres, the queens with veils reaching their shoulders and flowers in their hands, the jacks thrusting out their halberds and wearing swaying feathers in their hats.

One evening the little boy was lying before his castle, looking through the open gate into the great hall where the playing-cards were hanging on the walls like real old pictures in a real knights' hall.

Then it seemed to him as if the kings sent him greetings with their sceptres, that the Queen of Spades moved the golden tulip in her hand, and that the Queen of Hearts raised her fan. All four queens graciously let him know that they had seen him.

He moved still closer to see better, but struck his head against the castle so that it shook, and now all four jacks, clubs, spades, diamonds, and hearts thrust their halberds toward him to warn him against getting too close, for he was too big to enter.

Thereupon the little boy nodded; and he nodded once more, and then he said: 'Say something!' But the pictures said not a word. But when he nodded a third time toward the Jack of Hearts, the latter sprang right out of the picture, which remained hanging like a piece of white linen on the wall. Right in the centre of the floor stood the Jack of Hearts, the feather in his cap dancing merrily, while in his hand he held his great iron-studded lance.

'What 's your name?' he asked the little boy. 'You have nice bright eyes and good thoughts, but you don't wash your hands often enough.'

Now, he did n't say that any too kindly.

'My name is William,' replied the little boy, 'and this is my castle, and you are the Knight of my Heart.'

'I am the knight of my King and of my Queen, and not your knight,' said the Jack of Hearts. 'I can step out of the picture, right out of the castle, and my lord and my lady can do still more. We can go out into the wide

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world, but we don't care to do so any longer. It is much more comfortable and pleasant to sit in a card picture and be yourself.'

'And were you all real people before?' asked the little boy.

'People?' exclaimed the Jack of Hearts. 'Yes, but not as good as we should have been. Light a little wax taper before me, best of all a red one, for that is the color of my master and mistress. Then I will tell you our story, for you say you are the owner of the castle. But don't interrupt me. If I am to talk, I must talk in my own way.'

And this is what he said: —

'Once upon a time there were four brothers, all kings, but the King of Hearts was the oldest. He was born with a golden crown and a golden apple. He reigned at once. His queen was born with a golden rose; you see for yourself that she has it still. Oh, what good times they had! They did n't have to go to school; they could play the livelong day, build castles and tear them down again, break their tin soldiers in pieces, and play with dolls. If they asked for sandwiches, there would be butter on both pieces, and powdered sugar besides. Those were happy days, but one can get enough even of those. Finally they grew tired of their pleasant times. And then came the King of Diamonds!'

'And what happened then?' the little boy asked. But the Jack of Hearts uttered not another word. There he stood stiff and dignified and simply stared at the lighted red wax taper.

Well, nothing more could be done about it, so the little boy nodded to the Jack of Diamonds, and after a third nod he sprang out of the card, took his position, and said just one word: 'Wax taper!' The little boy at once lighted a tiny red candle and placed it in front of the Jack, who presented arms with his lance and continued the story. These were his exact words: —

'Then followed the King of Diamonds. He was a king with a glass window in his breast. One could also look right through the Queen, and see that they were made just like other people. This was so interesting that a monument was erected in their honor. It stood for twenty years; but then it was built for all eternity.'

At this point the Jack of Diamonds again presented arms and stared in silence at his red wax taper.

Now, without William's making the slightest nod, gravely as only the stork walks when it strides across a field, the Jack of Clubs, the black clover-leaf, left his card. He flitted down like a bird whose wings spread wider and wider, and after circling around the little boy he flew back to his white card on the wall, to the right. Then the Jack of Clubs spoke, without first asking for a wax taper like the others: —

'Not everybody gets butter on both sides of his bread. Neither my King nor my Queen got it, and they deserved it first of all. They had to go to school and learn what the former kings had not learned. They also went about with windows in their bosoms, but none looked inside except to see if there was something the matter with the clockwork. I know it, for I have served them for many years; I serve and obey them still. That is why I present arms.' And, as he said this, he did so.

William also lighted a wax taper for him, a shining white one.

Thereupon, all at once, Jack of Spades stood before him, rushing up without further greeting.

'Everybody has got a candle,' he said. 'I know I shall also get one! But if we Jacks are getting one, our sovereigns should each have at least three. I have come last, and am not popular

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for that reason. They have even given me a mocking name. They call me Black Peter, and no one wants me in the game. At one time I was the first gentleman to the King of Spades. Now I am last.

'I shan't tell you the story of my master and mistress. You may make one up about them for yourself. But things are going badly, and won't get better until we all ride high up in the sky on the red horse, higher even than the clouds.'

So little William lighted three candles before each of the kings and before each of the queens, and it became as bright in the knights' hall as in the richest emperor's castle, and the high-born sovereigns smiled their most gracious and kindly greetings, and the Queen of Hearts fanned herself with her golden fan, and the Queen of Spades held out her golden tulip — it shone like burning fire, like a blazing flame. The great ones sprang down into the middle of the big hall and began to dance.

All at once there was a most brilliant glow — the whole castle was afire.

William jumped up in fright, crying out: 'Father! Mother! The castle is burning.' But within the blaze flared up and sparkled: 'Now we are riding aloft on the red horse, higher than the skies, to the very top of the universe. That is the way kings and queens should do; and their knights follow them!'

Yes, that was the end of William's castle, and of the playing-cards. But William still lives, and he washes his hands.

It was not his fault that the castle burned.

PHILOSOPHY AT THE WHEEL[1]

BY C. C. MARTINDALE

'You are a proper Roman, you,' I said as he hurled our car through a street where one would have hesitated to wheel so much as a perambulator.

He uttered his cry of amused contempt.

'Roman, I?' said he. 'Roman nothing. I am from the Abruzzi.'

'What a beautiful country.'

'Assuredly! There how many *contadini* have each his plot of land and his cottage! But money lacks for living.'

'Will you go back?'

'Some day I hope to, with my wife and my *bambina*. . . .'

And, like all these excellent lads, he embarked on the panegyric of his baby girl, — each chauffeur seemed to have *one*, — and even, to my extreme terror, took both hands off the wheel to find the wallet that contained her photograph.

'She has fifteen months, and is great — immense [he spread both arms wide] — a proper miracle. And she laughs, without tiring herself, as water runs.'

'Is life very difficult?'

[1] From *The Month* (English Roman-Catholic review), *December*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Again he uttered his cry, but with more melancholy.

'Work by day, work by night. Else one cannot live. *Ma!* And even so, it *is* not a life. In order to live, one sacrifices life!'

Thus, as so often in Italy, the centuries shut down to a point. . . . It was Juvenal whispering in my ear: *Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

'Is your name Giovinale?' I asked.

'No, signore, Beppino,' he answered gravely.

'What are your real working-hours?'

'It is according. But the more the hours, the more the money.'

'We have an eight-hour day. Or less.'

'It is but just. Though the English workingman will work more in eight hours than the Italian in twenty-four.'

Words failed my wish to depict our bricklayers. I contented myself with saying that everywhere there were men who would not work all they should, and that sometimes the syndicates prevented their working all they could.

'Eight hours,' he resumed, 'would be for me a *divertimento*. I would go to England; but the means are lacking. And there are laws against immigration. In England the meanest workingman lives better than in Italy the greatest lord.'

'Do not imagine it. Unemployment is terrible. And prices are terrible. And the sky is sad. At least you have the sun. Do not come to England. And surely there is much more order now in Italy, and, hence, promise of work, wages, and tranquillity?'

'It is an order of force,' said he. 'It is imposed from outside, and does not flower from within the spirit.'

'But when force imposes what is good for human nature, does not the spirit recognize that it is good, and so lead the man to do spontaneously the good thing he was being forced to do?'

'Who knows! It is possible. But the development of ideas is slow.'

'But you would not have a revolution?'

'Revolution! Never, never, never,' said he with the utmost energy. '*Ma!* For him who understands history there is no question of revolution. Contemplate, I pray you, the Romans — those pagans, I mean. They had a great empire. The revolution comes — all crumbles. Contemplate further the Russians. A most great empire, they too. *Ecco* the revolution, and where are they? They are no more there. Revolution never!'

'Meanwhile,' I repeated, 'the order imposed from outside can help the mind to put order into its ideas. For, as you say, all true reformation must proceed from within the mind. But it will be slow.'

'Enough for me,' he answered, 'to live tranquil. That is what the law should seek. For that, none would condemn the taxes. I am not of those who demand the mountains, seas, and sky. But the laws and the taxes are now all for the exterior. For the exterior they do things of all colors. One should think of Italy and those that must live therein.'

'The Battle of the Grain,' I began. But we had arrived at our hotel, and broke off for that morning.

Next day he resumed: —

'I stand outside of politics. I read not one newspaper, but all. All, all. Thus do ideas form themselves. I ask but to exist tranquilly, and the politicals will not permit that.'

'One would have thought that the war —'

'Zm! Zm! Talk to me of the war! I made it, the war. I made all of it. And where are men not worse than before it? The youth is corrupted.'

'How?'

'How? The fathers are dead; the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mother was afar. The conscription threw mere boys to this side and to that, and having no habits they let themselves go to orgies. To-day the sportive spirit has taken great developments. There is much propaganda. This is good.'

'But they tell me that never has the youth of Italy been so earnestly and openly inquiring about religion as to-day.'

'Who knows? A few, perhaps. But religion does not capture the Italian. Thus it is. Affair of tradition: a habit. Where, in the villages, I mean, there are all the time feasts, functions, *inviti sacri*, the habit cannot be escaped. But away from home the habits melt. Those from Abruzzi are much better Catholics than the Romans,' said he with contradictory pride.

'Let us talk of that later on. But tell me, do you really see nothing better since the war?'

'Some seek to ameliorate life. But these rich men! These few — how would you ask any just sentiments from *them*? A true porkery! A race of no education!'

Just then we drew up in a little square near San Pietro in Vincoli. To our right was the yellow façade of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The old porter smiled and waved. At once the chauffeurs began to make a collection among themselves for him.

'May I be permitted to offer something too?' I asked.

'An excellent old man,' said Beppino, calling him: '*molto bravo*, and of a most exquisite politeness.'

'*Che palazzo!*' said another man, rather grudgingly, looking at the large but very simple house.

'True,' said Beppino. 'It is great, and clean — but clean! But I have a female cousin who has an apartment whence the life of the Sisters and of those old ones can be seen, and it is a true miracle. All is fresh and clean — a paradise, but a paradise for poor ones. The Sisters pick up the old men and place them there, and then each old man must work, two hours, one hour, beautifying the garden, polishing the pavements, and so he comes to his food with good appetite without tiring himself disproportionately. And the Sisters work as not even I work myself. Always, always. *Mai la siesta, mai, mai.* And what the old ones eat not, that the Sisters eat. And the *portiere* goes out to collect with a horse. *Sicuro*! They have a horse! But a horse! Ah! Enough! He proceeds on his knees and sweeps a way before himself with his nose. But not even he must fatigue himself. One would say a Christian! The Sisters dismount and push him suavely up the hills.

'To contemplate such a work in our days,' said the critic, 'causes the heart to dilate itself with noble sentiments.'

We drove off.

'You made a very favorable impression on that old man,' remarked Beppino, 'because you said *Lei* to him, not *Tu*, nor yet *Voi*. He could see at once that you were a person of a far-fetched and most appreciated culture and had respect for him.'

'*Per carità!* Why not? He was my fellow Christian. Poverty and riches make men different, but not better or worse. But I am troubled about how to distribute *Lei*, *Voi*, and *Tu!* Especially *Voi*. What would you say if I called you *Tu*?'

'These Romans,' said he, 'have *Voi* ever in the mouth. *Lei* marks duly the hierarchy of persons; but *Voi*, to me, indicates a hierarchy of a somewhat military sort. Thus the officer rightly says *Voi* to the soldier, and the soldier *Lei* to the officer. That you should *darmi di tu* here in the auto would be but reasonable, since a confidence has established itself between us. But in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piazza, were anyone to hear it, he would exclaim: "But! Whence this great equality? Whence this confidence? Why not the due forms?" When men are poor, they have nothing but respect to offer one another; and, human nature having its weaknesses, respect needs forms in order to maintain itself.'

'Let me,' said I, 'not only observe the forms, but give myself a pleasure. Gentlemen,' I said to the chauffeurs, — for we had stopped and everyone had dismounted to see a church I felt no need to examine, — 'let me offer you, please, a small glass of wine in that *trattoria*. It would be an honor for me were you to accept.'

'The honor,' they said with one voice, 'is ours.'

We sat down.

'Is it true,' asked one of them, 'that in England there is always mist and that at noon the sun suddenly disappears?'

'This,' said Beppino, feeling me, I suppose, to be somewhat under his wing, and wishful to say what he could for my native land, 'this is a most absurd exaggeration. And although the sky of England is not like this of ours, the race grows vigorous there because of the cold.'

'I have not observed,' I said, 'that the English are more strong than the very solid Italian people' — I knew no word for 'sturdy' or 'stocky,' which was what I wanted. 'But one thing you have that we, I suppose, never shall — a man to whose voice the whole world listens. The Roman Pontiff is unique.'

I watched their expressions. Certainly they suffered a little shock, and then looked down their noses.

One of them said: —

'During the war, the Holy See stood neutral, as was necessary, the *Sommo Pontifice* being the Father of all equally. But the ecclesiastics leaned often to the side of Germany.'

'Naturally,' said another. 'The Church loves discipline, and where is there a discipline like the German? Every week during the *Anno Santo*, a pilgrimage! And what order! What programme!'

'And their singing is insuperable!'

'Well,' said I, 'the war is over. Pope Benedict was a great man and a martyr. Perhaps he will never be understood. But the whole world does homage to the Pontiff now reigning.'

'Ah!' cried Beppino. 'He is a man of a *primaria erudizione*! What does he not know? Without doubt you read his discourse addressed to all the journalists of the world. He spoke of all — the Church, the country, the world. And all without error. A true inspiration. And courteous! To-day he receives all, peasants and great lords.'

'The Pope,' said another, 'is of much succor for commerce. Without the Pope, Rome were a dead city. One sees well who reigns in Rome.'

'And Pius X?' I asked.

'Oh — that one! A true saint!'

There was a chorus of muttered *sicuro's;* not a dissentient voice. I thought of his thronged tomb, the candles, the votive hearts.

'Some day he may be a canonized one. Did you see the illumination of the cupola during the recent canonizations?'

A sort of triumphant howl rose round the table. They all spoke at once.

'*Sicuro!* — What a sight! What a night! — At nine of the night it began and continued till daylight! — Not an auto could cross the Tiber, such the crowds. — Millions, millions. The Piazza of San Pietro was packed, and the Basilica too, like this, like this! — Why say the Piazza? The Pincio too, and all the hills. — And not electric light — *niente, niente!* Electric light had nothing to correspond with that light! Who knows how it was made?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An ancient and mysterious *pasta, ecco!* That gave forth a rounded splendor, *ecco!* And not lit slowly — but, one moment, obscurity, and then — *brrr! ecco* the cupola! And all had had to be renewed! Never since 1870. What peril! What art! — Costing thousands! Millions! — What a thing of God is light! *Ecco* the sun — *ecco* the moon — but these are daily matters, whereas that light! . . .'

The babel became so terrific that I laughed, rose, and they recaptured themselves.

'*Salute, reverendo! Salute, signor abbate! Viva la carovana!*'

Our contingent rocketed wildly off and reached home ten minutes before anybody else.

Next day I said to Beppino: —

'Beppino, you who have such enthusiasm for the Sovereign Pontiff, and know so well that all true order springs from within the mind, and that the Catholic religion contains and cultivates an order that is not one of force, why do you never set foot within a church?'

'*Ma!*' cried he. 'That is the temperament of the Italian. Religion does not attack us as it does you others. Those from outside Italy, they find religion serious. We, no.'

'Do not just talk about temperament. You are passionate, and yet you love tranquillity. One can see that you are a *giovinotto* that stands tranquil. You do not drink, you do not smoke. A true marvel. And the English love comfort, the home, and yet they are brave and have fire, as you well saw in the war. All are mixed, this side and that. Temperaments may decide the outward forms of religion, but not religion itself. The difference might be that your religion should be loud, gay, social, full of movement; ours, discreet and the affair of each one. But it should not be that you, a Catholic, do not live *as* a Catholic!'

'Catholic! Catholic! We are all that. What else? In Italy what would you wish one to be? I am not an anarchist. I am *italianissimo!* But it is tradition, custom. Ah! In my own country, how different from Rome! There, all is religion — all is as of old, even the dresses. The priest is properly in contact with the intimacies of life. On feasts, all hear the Mass of the aurora; all make Communion. And at ten or eleven, the triumphal Mass, with band. And all the day the populace is full of glee and games. And in the evening, the procession, the banners, the bombs! Ah! Would that I could be there for the Nativity, or Easter! All make their Easter, all! But *che!* Idle to expect it. With this ugly trade, work is worse then and one works from dawn to dark.'

Beppino was thirty-one years old and had a lean, aquiline, toil-hardened face. But just then his eyes were shining behind tears.

'*Caro mio*, if you were there at Easter, you would most certainly make your Communion.'

'Ah! Who knows? It is possible. It would be the custom. All do it. One would have one's acquaintance. But in Rome, where one does not know when it is Sunday, when not; when a feast, when not; when one stays working for the Americans [he said with smiling tact] all day long, how should a custom maintain itself?'

'What when you are about to die?'

'But, of course, I shall do as the custom is. Difficult, to die without a priest.'

'But even in life you have the desire for God?'

'Who knows? Affair of education. According as habit has formed you, so you act, so you feel. Who can blame anyone? Even sins are the affairs of each, and who can blame *that* one if his habits have caused him to have sins that are not those of *this* one — save if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he does harm to another. That I blame.'

'But look! There are certain acts that are in accord with nature and intelligence; others, not. And the Catholic religion orders the former, and such acts create habits that are good.'

'This is an affair of conscience.'

'But conscience needs help. And God created the Catholic Church to give the necessary help.'

'Who knows that?'

'This is a thing that has foundations in history.'

'Ah — history! Who knows? None was there to see!'

'But you yourself told me to contemplate history and learn that revolution was a bad thing.'

He smiled with his grave irony.

'Besides that,' said I, 'you talk too much about custom. Not all men live their life by custom merely. In not all do good customs die out in adverse circumstances, and many turn indignantly against the bad customs that surround them, or their own habits. In our country, thousands of citizens every year surmount the habits of ancestors, home, education, surroundings, and become Catholics. I did myself.'

'That is not custom,' said he. 'That is development of life. *Si capisce!* Who that desired to have a religion could remain satisfied with the sects, affairs that have no roots in antiquity and lack, without doubt, ideas?'

'But, for a man without convictions, you speak very contemptuously of the sects!'

'*Basta!*' said he, with a certain access of sad sincerity. 'I have the roots of my soul Catholic without doubt. But what instruction have we others had? What have we learned, save to work in order to live, and then, being alive, once more to work? Especially we who work with machines, dead things, and live in one room, and then the street? Ideas depart. The soul disappears in the vague. It ought not to be thus.'

'Indeed, it ought not. And your soul is so good, Beppino! So worthy of a full culture and a developed life within the great civilization of God. Perhaps, being the victim thus of your work, you do not see your race even as a poor visitor like myself can see it, or parts of it. I think that many thousands of your people are eagerly seeking to regain that of which your life has defrauded you.'

He sighed.

'It is true,' he said, 'that my life has been much restricted. What do I see, living thus? Rarely, rarely, do I have such a conversation. Never! There is chatter, chatter, but about such things only there is silence.'

'God will speak words to you,' I said.

'Queer to listen to all this gibberish going on around us,' said a man in the hotel. 'I should n't wonder if these fellows might n't mean something by by it, in their *way*, you know.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITISH INDUSTRY MENDING ITS MISTAKES[1]

WHY TRUSTS SOMETIMES FAIL

THE Vickers reconstruction scheme is a portent which has set many people thinking. By a mere stroke of the pen, millions of pounds of nominal capital have been wiped out of existence. Every ordinary shareholder in Vickers finds each one-pound share that he owned reduced suddenly to six and eightpence; yet he is certainly no poorer, and may well become richer, for the change. For his one-pound share was not worth one pound, nor perhaps even the six and eightpence at which it is now revalued. It was worth no more and no less than its aliquot part in the anticipated divisible profits of the Vickers combine. And the only way in which these profits are likely to be affected by the change in the nominal valuation of the shares is that the writing-down may improve the firm's credit, and so increase its profit-making capacity.

Thus, once more, a familiar lesson is driven home. If you have one pound in the bank, it is really one pound, and you can buy with it whatever one pound will buy. But as soon as you invest it in the capital of any business, it is no longer one pound, but only a claim to a certain proportion of the profits of that business. In technical terms, it is no longer free money, capable of earning a normal rate of interest, but invested capital, on which the return will take the form of a quasi-rent. Its yield no longer depends on its amount, but on the capacity of the business to earn a profit. Its valuation, except in so far as it affects this capacity, is to its owner a minor concern.

Yet, if this were the whole truth, it would appear to be a matter of no importance at all whether Messrs. Vickers, or any other great concern, were to value its capital high or low, to write its shares up to five pounds, or write them down to five shillings. The great reconstruction, so far as it affects the valuation of the capital, would be a mere change of names, involving no change in realities. All the excitement accompanying it would be quite beside the point. But in fact it is not. There are, indeed, other features in the scheme even more important than the drastic writing-down of capital values. But this financial 'deflation' is also important in itself, and above all as a public proclamation of the company's determination to face the facts.

During and after the war, the nominal capital of the Vickers combine multiplied at an astonishing rate. This was partly due to mere writing-up of capital values, but largely also to the combine's policy of extending its operations by the wholesale purchase of previously independent businesses. The process, carried through at a time when capital values were grossly inflated, involved the taking over of these businesses at vastly more than their real values. Where the method was that of exchange of shares, the result was merely the same as that of the direct inflation of capital by bonus-share issues. But when businesses were purchased

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *December* 19

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for hard cash, it often meant that the excessive sums paid were taken out of the industry, so that the loss has since fallen on the purchasing concern. In 'deflating' its capital now, the Vickers combine is in part merely writing-back to a previous value capital unwisely written up; but it is also paying the penalty of its unwise purchases of other concerns at fancy prices based on the optimism of the moment and not on solid expectations of profitable production.

In both cases, the result on the business is the same. It means that the attempt to earn an average dividend on the whole of the inflated capital has been definitely abandoned, and that for the future the policy of the company will be based on a more moderate expectation of profit, determined by its real assets rather than by the sanguine hopes of a few years ago. If this were all the reconstruction meant, it would be important enough — a shining example to the hundreds of concerns that are still throttling their own productive capacity by an insane attempt to earn dividends on a mass of nominal capital that has no real existence. It would be a courageous piece of economic realism, calculated to show the way back from the aberrations of the war period to a saner commercial practice.

But the scheme goes much further than this. Apart from the watering-down of the capital, it proposes a drastic reconstruction of the entire management of the Vickers combine. And herein lies its chief economic significance. In this country, as in Germany and France, the most notable development in business structure during and since the war has been the growth of huge combines, not confined to any one trade or branch of production, but stretching over many distinct industries and reaching out, through subsidiary and allied organizations, into a vast number of distant markets — 'concerns,' as the economists have learned to call these mammoth financial enterprises, quite distinct in character and construction from the 'trusts' familiar in pre-war business practice. Messrs. Vickers have been, in this country, among the most sensational adventurers along these lines. They have been led on from one business to another, until they have brought a vast number of units under their financial control. Each acquisition has offered the promise of strengthening the parent body — by securing a supply of some vital material, or an outlet for some semi-manufactured product, or an access to some new market, or some other advantage that has appeared to offer sound reason for extension. But the result, as the report of Mr. McKenna and his colleagues frankly points out, has been very different from the expectation. The assemblage of all these heterogeneous businesses under a common control has led, not to greater efficiency, but to a breakdown of the system of control. There have been lack of unity, inexpert direction, and a failure to keep a firm check on the working of so vast and complex a financial machine. The remedy proposed is not, indeed, to split up the vast combine, but so to departmentalize it as to provide each group of businesses with its own expert direction, while providing for their coördination through a small body of financial directors who will interfere as little as possible with the internal arrangements of the separate departments.

The lesson behind this drastic change of method is the same as was driven home in Germany by the collapse of the Stinnes concern. The larger and more complex the business unit becomes, the more involved are the problems of management to which it gives rise, and the greater the human difficulty of surmounting them. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

need is for supermen, whereas only men endowed with the ordinary human frailties are available. To some extent, the difficulty presents itself wherever a business extends to a very great size. But, whereas a very large business dealing with a single line of production — Ford's or Coats's, for example — may be manageable almost as easily as a much smaller business, the new type of 'concern,' with its ramifications into many industries, grows necessarily in complexity as well as in size, and makes far greater demands on those who have to control it.

Is the answer to the problem that such 'concerns' are inevitably inefficient, and must, therefore, be broken up in order that industry may be properly conducted? Or can the difficulty be met by careful and scientific organization, such as will allow a high degree of autonomy to the different departments, while it preserves a sort of federal unity through the central control of financial policy? The report of Mr. McKenna and his colleagues is based on the second alternative; but it remains to be seen whether even their drastic reorganization, with its ruthless weeding out of inefficient directors and managers, will really avail to bring the vast Vickers concern into a condition in which it can be economically managed as a single unit. We are not expressing an opinion either way; for the data for a definite opinion do not yet exist. The chief economic importance of the reconstruction is that it will bring this vital problem for once to a severe practical test.

Whatever the outcome may be, the scheme is in this regard, even more than in the writing off of nonexistent capital, a courageous piece of realism and a most valuable example. For, just as a great many companies have either written up their capital to an absurd figure or acquired their plants at a ridiculously inflated capital valuation, so a great many have grown in size and complexity far beyond the capacity of their directors and managers to control them efficiently by the methods now in use. Not only in the Vickers concern are there directors who hold far too many directorships, and are attempting to control businesses of whose work they have only a most imperfect understanding. Uneasy questions are constantly being asked about the efficiency of the British employer and the adequacy of our methods to meet the intense international competition in post-war markets. It is at any rate worth inquiring how far our difficulties are increased by such faults of coördination and control as a searching inquiry has how revealed in the Vickers combine. For, even when factories are well equipped and well run as productive concerns, inefficient business organization can easily throw away all the benefits of good work by operatives and factory managers. Productive economies can be canceled by increased overhead costs; the best technician may be impotent in face of financial bungling.

Nor can such problems be regarded as the affair merely of the companies in which they arise. The Vickers concern counts its shareholders by tens of thousands, and has, we believe, something like a hundred thousand employees in its related businesses. These latter, even more than most of the shareholders, to whom their holdings in Messrs. Vickers may represent only one among many investments, have a direct and immediate interest in the efficiency of the business. And, above all, the entire public has an interest; for we are all suffering together in consequence of the decline in our trade, the volume of unemployment, and the high taxes we have to meet out of a reduced national income. If these troubles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arise, even in part, out of defective business organization, it is our right and duty to insist that crooked things shall be put straight, and inefficiency plucked up by the roots. In short, if Messrs. Vickers are doing the right thing voluntarily, the public has a perfect right to insist that other firms, whose plight is largely the same, shall follow their example, and, if necessary, to apply compulsion to this end.

We do not suggest that the way of compulsion is easy, or that it should be followed unless voluntary methods are plainly inadequate. But the way of reconstruction is evidently hard to tread; and after nearly five years of slump very few businesses have had the courage to attempt it. The easy profits of the war years, and still more of 1919 and 1920, have engendered a false expectation in the mind, not only of the business man, but of the ordinary holder of shares; and most firms still shrink both from confessing their own miscalculation and, still more, from offering their shareholders a plain statement of the truth. Yet it is clear that, if we are to restore our economic health, we must both write down our expectations of profit so as to bring them into closer correspondence with our opportunities, and drastically overhaul the business structures that were hastily and unsystematically built up during and after the war. To resist this conclusion is to live in a fool's paradise; to refuse to act upon it when we do realize the truth is suicidal cowardice. We have deflated credits and brought down prices; we must deflate capital and bring down expectations of profit. We are well accustomed to passing ruthless comments on our political leaders; we must be no less ruthless in criticizing our captains of industry. For it is by industrialism that we get our means of life; and if our industrial system is decayed within, it will be in vain that we shall set our political house in order. Messrs. Vickers, harder driven than most, are doing at last what should have been done years ago.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOLK-SONGS[1]

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I LATELY listened to a lank-looking gentleman being ecstatic about folk-songs. He dithered about 'the folk,' as he called them, and seemed to lament his misfortune in having been born about two or three centuries too late. What would he not have given to have been born in the days when shepherds piped and milkmaids warbled! He longed for the bar parlor of The Pure Drop, so that he might regale himself with the lovely folk-songs that the laborers sang to each other in the evening after their work was done.

He liked hearty choruses, full of hey-diddle-diddles and rum-tum-tummies, and was only prevented from wearing an embroidered smock and dancing round the maypole by his extreme sensitiveness to derision.

[1] From the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *December* 15

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I went away from his company without much reluctance, and during the night I dreamed a dream. I found myself shot forward in time to the year 2225, and by an extraordinary coincidence I was again in the company of my arty-and-crafty friend — with this difference, however, that he was a highbrow of 2225, rather than of 1925. The difference was one merely of time.

Essentially he was the same highbrow. He had the same thin, reedlike voice in which he lamented the dreadfulness of his own day and bemoaned his misfortune in having been born two or three centuries too late.

I heard him murmur rather wearily his dislike of anything positive. His harshest word of condemnation was *robust*. So-and-so, he said, was terribly *robust*, and there was indescribable contempt in his tone as he said it.

He was elated because of a discovery he had just made. It seemed that he had been poking about in a house built in the year 1922 by a gentleman who had done very well *out* of the war that was fought between 1914 and 1918. It seemed that this gentleman had given his services to the Government for nothing, and had contrived to leave it richer than he was when he joined it. So pleased was everybody with him that he was often publicly described as 'one of Lloyd George's precious peers.'

This affectionate reference, said my highbrow, showed what an excellent chap he was. It appeared that he was a patron of the simpler arts, and my highbrow friend could not sufficiently thank Heaven for the fact. 'When I think of the vulgarity of contemporary noblemen,' he said, 'and of the way in which they devote themselves to mean entertainments, I am filled with admiration and respect for the great-hearted man who found time to collect and preserve the folk-songs of his age.'

He exhibited a bundle of old music to me, but was not very willing to let me handle any of it.

'I found these songs,' he said, 'hidden away in a corner of Concrete Hall!' That was the name of the noble house founded by the 'precious peer.' 'No one had looked at them for many years. They were covered with dust, and mice had nibbled them, but fortunately the mice had not seriously damaged them. I cannot tell you how delighted I was when I found myself in possession of a valuable collection of folk-songs, hitherto unknown, not one of which was more recent in date of composition than 1925!'

'Nineteen twenty-five!' I exclaimed.

'Yes,' said he. 'Three hundred years ago. Think of my joy in this discovery. To recover the simple songs of the simple people who loved then! . . .

'Here,' he went on, 'is a pretty little love ballad of a sort that seems to have been common then. We have no such songs to-day.

'Is not the chorus charming?' he said, adding: 'Read it aloud, so that you get the whole pretty effect of it. It has not, of course, the remote and allusive grace of the Elizabethan songs, but I think that it has a more introspective beauty!'

'Yes, yes,' I murmured, and then, as he bade me, I read aloud the chorus:

> 'Yearning, just for you,
> That's all I do, my dear.
> Learning why I'm blue,
> I wish that you were near.
> Smiles have turned to tears,
> Days have turned to years;
> Yearning just for you,
> I hope you're yearning too.'

He clasped his hands together when I had finished, and said that it was too beautiful. 'The delicate naïveté of it!' he exclaimed. '*I hope you 're yearning too!* Oh, charming, charming! And how fond of color they were then! *Learning why I'm blue!* Observe how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intricate the rimes were, despite the delicacy and simplicity of the sentiment. The first word and the last word of the first line rime with the first word and the last word of the third line. That seems to be a unique instance of double-rime! A very rare specimen of an early-twentieth-century folk-song, I assure you. Presently I'll play it to you, but now read some of the others.'

I did so, and suddenly he became excited about one that I had almost put aside without more than a glance. 'But you must read that,' he said. 'It's a little gem. Difficult, perhaps, but less so if you read it with care. Let me sing it to you.' He took the song from me, and in a somewhat throaty voice sang these words: —

'Yes, sir, that's my baby;
No, sir, don't mean "maybe";
Yes, sir, that's my baby now,
Yes, ma'am, we've decided;
No, ma'am, we won't hide it;
Yes, ma'am, you're invited now.

'By the way — by the way,
When we reach the preacher I'll say:
Yes, sir, that's my baby;
No, sir, don't mean "maybe";
Yes, sir, that's my baby now.'

'I don't pretend,' he said, when he had finished, 'that I completely understand it, but I think I've got the general drift of it. It was sung by the folk everywhere in the English-speaking world in 1925 — an intriguing, elusive thing! Here, now, is another, which has some resemblance to a still earlier song, called "Sally in Our Alley." I think this one, which is called "On Mother Kelly's Doorstep," is actually better than the other song — so much more of the *je ne sais quoi* spirit in it. Read it, please.'

I read it: —

'On Mother Kelly's doorstep down Paradise Row
I'd sit along o' Nelly, she'd sit along o' Joe.
She'd got a little hole in her frock, hole in her shoe,
Hole in her sock where her toe peep'd through,
But Nelly was the smartest down our Alley.
On Mother Kelly's doorstep, I'm wondering now
If li'l gal Nelly remembers Joe, her beau;
And does she love me like she used to,
On Mother Kelly's doorstep down Paradise Row.'

'Can't you imagine the folk — who, by the way, were then called the proletariat — sitting in the shadows at night singing that song! Life must have been full of charm in those days, when the folk, even if they were called the proletariat, could sing such guileless lyrics as that. Here's another one which, I confess, baffles me. The word "ukulele" refers to a musical instrument that was popular then. There are examples of it in the British Museum. I think this song must have had a foreign origin, — the rhythm does not seem quite English, — but it has its own beauty: a strange alien loveliness. I'll sing this one too, so that you may realize its quaint harmony.'

He returned to the piano and sang the chorus of 'Ukulele Lady': —

'If you like a Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like-a you.
If you like to linger where it's shady, Ukulele Lady linger too.
If you kiss a Ukulele Lady, will you promise ever to be true?
And she see another Ukulele Lady fool around with you,
Maybe she'll sigh, maybe she'll cry.
Maybe she'll find somebody else by and by
To sing to when it's cool and shady,
Where the tricky Wicki-Wackies woo;
If you like a Ukulele Lady,
Ukulele Lady like-a you.'

'What are Wicki-Wackies?' I said when he had finished.

'I do not know,' he answered. 'I've done a great deal of research on the subject, but have been unable to find any reference to them. I fancy they were some obscure religious sect who were generally derided, but that, of course, is only conjecture. Now, look at this one,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

full of sly humor. Read that, and deny, if you can, that these people had a hearty sense of fun.'

I read the following words aloud, and did not deny anything:—

'How can a guinea pig show he's pleased
When he has n't got a tail to wag?
All other animals you will find
Have got a little tail stuck on behind.
If they only put a tail on a guinea pig,
And finish off a decent job,
Then the price of a guinea pig would go right up
From a guinea up to thirty bob.'

He took it from me, exclaiming: 'I've kept the best one to the last. It is full of political allusions, which are now obscure, but otherwise it is dazzlingly funny. Remember that the people who sang these songs had had only fifty-five years of free and compulsory education. Listen!' He picked up the song, and read what follows:—

'And could Lloyd George do it,
Could Baldwin do it,
Could Winston do it? Why, no!
Could Johnny Walker or Stephen Donoghue
Sit for hours in an Irish Stew?
You rave at the fly and you swear just like a trooper,
But that won't stop him sitting on the nose of Gladys Cooper.
And could Lloyd George do it,
Could Baldwin do it,
Could Winston do it? Why, no!'

'Lloyd George,' he said, in explanation, 'was, as you probably know, a politician of the time. So were Baldwin and Winston. The latter troubled me for a long time until I discovered that it was a Christian name, not, as I had imagined, a surname. The full name of this politician was Winston Churchill. Johnny Walker I give up. A rival of mine suggests that this is the name of a popular beverage of the time, but I doubt it! Why introduce the name of a beverage into a group of names of politicians! The thing is absurd.

'Stephen Donoghue seems to be identical with a successful jockey called "Steve" Donoghue, but Irish Stew is altogether beyond me. I fancy there is a reference here to the Irish political situation of the time, despite my rival's silly suggestion that it is the name of a popular dish, and brought in merely for the sake of the rime.

'I need not tell you who Gladys Cooper was — a beautiful actress of those days, whose loveliness is still a legend. No, I admit that this oddly attractive song bewilders me. My belief is that it is a cipher song, full of hidden references, and that if we could only find the key to it we should solve many of the problems of that time.'

I awoke with a start. I seemed still to hear the folk-songster's voice, but what I heard, now that I was awake, was a stern denunciation of the vulgarity of 1925, and passionate praise of the pretty folk-songs of three centuries ago.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF SKIING [1]

BY GEORGE SAMPSON

THIS year I come of age as a winter sportsman. Do not misunderstand me. Do not search for me in the official lists. I am not famous. I have never won anything. I have not passed even the Third-Class Test: I could not possibly enter for it. All I mean is that it was just twenty-one years ago this Christmas when I had my first lesson in skiing. How well I remember the happy adventure! The weather was perfect: the Christmas weather of twenty-one years — or more — ago always was. Whoever heard of rain, or snow-shortage, or overcast skies twenty-one years ago? Yet, in a later degenerate age, I have seen Wengern in January as green as in June, and the Bear rink at Grindelwald in a state more appropriate to ducks than to skates; but, of course, we never mention such things in the advertisements. Perhaps there were green Christmases in Switzerland long ago, when yonder peasant had no difficulty about his fuel, and hither page found the going too easy to cause heart trouble. If so, we never hear about them. Yet, since the war — but I won't go into that.

For my first skiing-adventure I acquired one companion, one guide, and the necessary apparatus. The most important part of the apparatus was a spiked pole, though we had not foreseen that. I will not mention the name of our guide, because I found, when I was last in Grindelwald, that he was still alive. There may be other of his victims about, less forgiving than I. What he was like on a mountain I can only surmise; but I feel sure that if I had trusted myself to him, even for a stroll up the Faulhorn, I should have had a paragraph, and perhaps even a portrait, in the daily papers.

Well, Peter took us to a lonely field and there instructed us in the art and practice of skiing. This, I found, consisted in the nice conduct of the pole already mentioned. You grasped the pole in both hands, as if it were the paddle of an Indian canoe, and you paddled, so to speak, on the left side. If you were on the level the paddle helped you along. If you tried to ascend a slope the paddle helped you up, until you slid back. If you descended a slope, — this needed no trying, — you dug the point of the paddle down into the ground and checked your headlong speed. You were not expected to go fast. If you wanted to stop, you dug still harder. If you wanted to turn, you dug and brought yourself round. If you wanted to steer, you dug and diverted. In all emergencies whatsoever you clung closely to the pole. It was rudder and anchor in one.

I got on with my pole very nicely, and slid about over the snow pleasantly, if not picturesquely. I could avoid trees and get through open gates. Indeed, I will say for skiing that in those days the beginner got a great deal of fun. Perhaps he does now; but I am not sure. Skiing, like dancing, has become a serious matter. In course of time, however, it became increasingly

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *December* 13

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficult to find a lonely field; and when winter-sport centres became more numerous, popular, and populous, I began to notice that young men did not cling closely to poles, and that they gave to those who did the contemptuous name of 'stick-riders.' I was undoubtedly a stick-rider, and, not being avid of contempt, even from the young, I and my pole became disinclined to public appearance.

And then the skiing-fields suddenly became a battle-ground. Young men hurled volumes and articles at each other. They proved by dynamics that the turns the other fellows made could n't be done, or, if they could, should n't. They invented a whole new vocabulary of terms, which no one accepted but the makers. They set binding against binding, and were even contentious about wax. They founded societies, and hated each other — collectively — very fiercely. The only point upon which they agreed, I grieve to say, was the utter abominableness of my cherished pole. A man might have two slender sticks, — provided that he never used them, — but in no circumstances whatsoever might he have a pole.

In the whirl of battle I discerned one clear and saddening fact — namely, that though my wicked guide had taught me how to use a pole, he had never taught me how to use the ski itself. I became acutely aware of this at Engelberg, where the juvenile monks from the adjacent monastery disported themselves on the snow in a way that was beyond my understanding. And even they were but novices. What the new technique of the experts did was to pluck the learner from his pole and set him on his feet. Skiing became, thereafter, an affair of balanced and distributed bodily forces.

So, as I turn the pages of *The British Ski Year Book* for 1925, I find a casual sentence like this: 'Tor Klaveness, who won the Oxford and Cambridge Ski Race twice, and the Kandahar Race in what was, perhaps, the fastest time ever recorded for a pure downhill race (1,700 feet in under three minutes), never used his sticks.'

The hero! But his day will come.

As for the editor himself, nothing but the Alps from end to end will content him as a skiing-ground. So comes true the beginning of the old Irish story: 'One fine day, at six o'clock in the evening, as I was sailing over the tops of the mountains in my little boat . . . ' Mr. Lunn sails gracefully over the tops of mountains on his little ski.

Skiing has developed tremendously, but at the usual cost. Like lawn tennis, it has ceased to be a pleasant pastime and has become an affair of gladiators. The young victors have sat down and turned a diversion into a Tripos. They have compiled a syllabus full of difficulties. They hold annual examinations. They plough competitors as ruthlessly as they plough the snow. Every winter-sport centre is now a Wimbledon, and I and my pole would make as much sensation, at even the least of them, as the appearance of a young lady in the centre court playing the vicarage-garden tennis of the eighties. So I am resigned to my lot. I am not merely outmoded; I am extinct. But I know my place. I shall not furrow the brows of the 'Technical Committee' by infamous conduct. I leave 'Slaloms' and 'Tests' to the ferocious young, henceforth and forever. I hope to spend my coming of age on the snow, but there will be no skis on me. It is time I took to curling.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIGAN, LAOAG, AND POINTS NORTH[1]

MOTOR NOTES FROM THE PHILIPPINES

BY WALTER ROBB

It is remarkable that one can motor over an unbroken road six hundred kilometres north from Manila, and still more remarkable that a similar trip is possible in the opposite direction from the Islands' capital, through the southeastern provinces of this huge Luzon, whose physical extent we only begin to realize, and whose grandeur we only begin to enjoy, as engineers' blueprints materialize in road and bridge appropriations and eventually into the actual roads — with occasional bridges. But with the roads in, the bridges will follow; and if they don't all follow immediately, some can wait; certainly a part of the thrill in traveling from Manila to Bangui, through the Ilocano provinces via Bauang, Vigan, Laoag, and twenty other picture-card towns, is ferrying the car across unbridged rivers on bamboo rafts or *balsas*.

To realize the strength and buoyancy of bamboo, observe these rafts. Count the poles, perhaps the largest less than five inches in diameter at the butt. At Abra Gap, where there are wind and tide and the sprawling, moody Abra River to contend against, the raft upon which a heavy seven-passenger car was ferried across was built of sixty of these poles. Besides four passengers and the driver, fifty other persons were aboard, with no little cargo; and seven experienced rivermen put the entire lot across the ford in forty minutes in the face of an unusually heavy wind bustling quarrelsomely down through the gap of the mountains and pitting itself against the men's sorely tried endurance for the privilege of whisking their burden out to sea, fragile raft and all.

But we crossed in perfect safety, not only the Abra, but the Amburayan at Tagudin and the dozen lesser streams between Bauang, the end of the railroad, — six hours by motor from Manila — and Bangui, the end of the road, at the extreme northwest point of Luzon, whence a pony ride of two days over a mountain trail through wild-tribe country will take one to Aparri, the Cagayan River port and outlet of the Cagayan Valley.

We did not essay this trail. We simply saluted the justice of the peace at Bangui, drove around the plaza, and got out of the car and let the ladies climb over the ruins of the old church while we explored the remains of what had been an appetizing lunch. We observed that a few eucalyptus trees skirted the plaza and were large and thriving, and then drove back to Laoag for *merienda*, or dinner, in Vigan an hour and a half later. Altogether it was a wonder-trip of two hundred and fifty kilometres of seagirt, valley-bounded, and mountain-sheltered travel completed in a day.

[1] From *American Chamber of Commerce Journal* (Manila trade monthly), *January*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bangui is one hundred and fifty kilometres north of Vigan, which is four hundred and fifty kilometres from Manila. We had stopped overnight at Laoag, on the way up the coast, with friends who accommodate parties with proper credentials. In these northern provinces the valleys are not extensive like those of central Luzon. They debouch into comparatively narrow coastal plains, and much of the total area is mountainous. Although one thousand acres and more of rice may be seen growing in a single field, it is divided among many owners. The farms are small, and quite commonly owned by the families working them. The farmers here are more industrious than those in the central Luzon provinces where tenancy is prevalent. In the Ilocano provinces at this time of year one sees rice-fields being prepared for tobacco. Elsewhere 'catch' crops are being planted, or sugar cane is growing and will be harvested in time to turn the land back into rice.

Men plod along the roads, lively with the traffic of well-built carts drawn by trotting bulls, carrying distaffs in their hands. They spin as they walk, and the women weave fine cloths of cotton, cotton-silk, and silk. Wood-carving and brush-making are household industries. When the embroidery firms of Manila extend their activities into this region they will find it a very productive one. The women appear particularly industrious; they are seen working in the fields, building roads, and digging irrigation ditches — drawing a man's wages and doing a man's work. The men work too, about as much as they do elsewhere in the Islands, where their energy is confined to what is hardly more than subsistence agriculture, and they have no ambitions extending beyond the sound of the church-tower bells.

Yet from this very region thousands of top-notch workmen are annually recruited for the sugar plantations in Hawaii, where good hard money will reward their labor.

School-teachers told us that young men who have gone through school, especially well up into high school, don't go back to the fields when they can no longer afford to study, or when repeated failures have taught them or their supporting relatives that further study would be useless. They have then learned to wear white clothes and esteem bodily cleanliness. They therefore proceed to make the wearing of white clothes an occupation, varied with the occasional excitement of political campaigns wherein they may be petty leaders, depended upon to harangue their less favored brethren and bring out the vote. Their number is legion, and the schools throughout the three provinces are overcrowded.

This year all three provinces harvested a heavy rice-crop. The tobacco looks in good condition. The grazing-industry is of considerable importance. Cargoes of beef cattle are regularly shipped to Manila in coastal schooners, and carabaos and horses are sold into the provinces farther south. The numerous coves form safe harbors for schooners, which are moored close to the shore at high tide. Planks are then laid across from shore to ship-side, and they and the gangway into the hold are banked over with rice straw. Thus deceived, the animals are loaded without difficulty, and in a good breeze the run to Manila is not a long one.

Along the enchanting road from Manila to Bangui we were constantly catching glimpses up into valleys strung like a chain of emeralds along a coral coast. Towns brushed by at intervals, brown-thatched villages with old Roman red-brick churches and whitewashed *conventos*, and high de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tached campaniles that were once, no doubt, fortifications to protect the parishoners against marauding Moros and the depredations of wild tribes from the hills. In the mountain folds watchtowers are occasionally visible, towers with turret-tops where fires might be kept burning, whence torch-signals could be flashed, and cannons fired upon fleets of Moro *vintas* endeavoring a landing in an adjacent cove.

It is an old country, old and picturesque, with great edifices of the missionary Church, the pride in bygone times of the devoted priests who built them, but crumbling now beneath the burden of the encroaching jungle. Soon they will be buried with the forgotten glories of a great and gallant age. Were we to search in their old records, though these mostly disappeared during the sanguinary nineties, we should learn how more than one missionary expedition left the nearest little port for Nagasaki, which soon became a Christian city.

Old pictures in the repaired churches and convents frequently depict martyrdom suffered by the early fathers. The arts the friars taught the people, the industries they established, remain after their memories are forgotten. Father Juan Davila introduced cacao from Mexico; another brought in coffee; still another invented a tool for stripping hemp that persists in common use to this day. Still another taught the natives the art of retting fibres in running water. All were builders of churches, convents, and roads. The highway to Bangui from Manila embraces many sections of old Spanish roads and causeways, and crosses many ancient Spanish bridges, centuries old but still as good as when first constructed. Therefore this trip is not only charming as a pleasant excursion into the provinces, but it affords opportunities for an interesting study of past and present, of how the best of the new under American administration has been imposed upon the best of the old under Spanish rule.

Beyond Antipolo, at the precipitous crest of a promontory overlooking a coast and roadway of unsurpassed beauty, stands Bojeador lighthouse, which should be visited for the magnificent view from the tower. On the one hand the coast sweeps ruggedly away to the eastward, and on the other the eye ranges out to sea and a limitless horizon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR CHILDREN

BY ROBERT GRAVES

[*Spectator*]

As I lay quietly in the grass,
  Half dreaming, half awake,
I saw four children barefoot pass
  Across the tufted brake:
The sky was glass, the pools were glass,
  And not a leaf did shake.

The autumn berries clustered thick,
  Seldom I met with more;
I thought these children come to pick,
  As many picked before;
Each had a long and crooked stick,
  And crowns of ash they wore.

But not one berry did they take;
  Gliding, I watched them go
Hand in hand across the brake
  With sallies to and fro.
So half asleep and half awake
  I guessed what now I know.

They were not children, live and rough,
  Nor phantoms of the dead,
But spirits woven of airy stuff
  By wandering fancy led,
Creatures of silence, fair enough,
  No sooner seen than sped.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

GEORG BRANDES ON READING

SOME men, not otherwise given to paradox, have maintained that the invention of printing has done more to stultify the human mind than any other single event in its history. They argue that, as men have fallen more and more into the way of learning things at second hand, their powers of learning at first hand have steadily diminished. The more a man knows through books about the manners of Koreans, they say, the less he is likely to know about his own garden. The result of reading for fifteen minutes a day in books recommended as the great books of the world is the achievement, not of Culture, but of a false sense of intellectual security, and such readers are to be compared to ostriches rather than to owls.

The injurious results of reading might be less grave if the superstition were not so current that there is a clearly defined list of great books that every man can profitably read and ought to read. This is the heresy against which Dr. Georg Brandes sets himself in an article 'On Right Reading' in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Those readers who, when asked what single book they would choose to take with them for a protracted sojourn on a desert island, automatically answer, 'The Bible,' will be disturbed by Dr. Brandes's saying that not even the Bible as a whole can be urged upon all men as worth reading. The Old Testament especially, he points out, is made up of elements very unequal in their value, and many parts of it can be read intelligently only by very learned men. If the Bible falls short of having a universal cultural value, how much truer must this be of every other book in the world!

It is all very well, he continues, for children to be introduced to a somewhat conventional group of great books, — *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Odyssey*, Walter Scott, *Don Quixote*, and so forth, — but there is something defective in the cultivation of a grown man or woman who never reads anything out of the main current, never develops a special taste for some little-known or disregarded author of his own. 'No one, for example, reads the English historian Gibbon any more. Yet I once knew a young German painter and poet who had read and re-read his great book with the keenest pleasure. Gibbon's wide range of vision, his extraordinary intellectual independence, and his uncommon descriptive powers, make his history a book of permanent value, and my friend Arthur Fitger considered him the historian who had taught him more than all others.'

Dr. Brandes's choicest scorn is reserved for those readers who are so eager to know all there is to be known that they have recourse, not to great books themselves, but to books about them, to 'Histories of Universal Literature' and the like. Such readers do find themselves in possession of all the names and facts, but, like the small boy who knew all the swear-words and never used them, they profit very little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thereby. 'There is a superstitious belief nowadays in what is called universal knowledge — an expression I am inclined to distrust. People read for the sake of achieving universal knowledge, and become universal so easily that they turn out to have very little knowledge. They read now about the whale, now about the Congo, now about the art of the drama, now about the teeth, now about Socialism in Bavaria, now about the Revolution of 1830 — all these things one on top of another, just for the sake of being universal.'

The real way to achieve universality is not to begin with the general, or even to have it in mind, but to begin with some particular interest, no matter how small, — indeed, the smaller perhaps the better, — and, with that as a centre, read intensively and coherently, until you find yourself really master of a subject that is your own — and, says Dr. Brandes, the universal will be added unto you. It was in this way, he declares, that, from once beginning with an interest in Disraeli as a society novelist, he found himself at length in command of a real knowledge of English politics in the nineteenth century.

✻

TWO GREAT POLISH NOVELISTS

POLISH literature suffered a loss of unusual severity in the deaths, within a few days of each other, of Stefan Zeromski and Wladislaw Reymont, both of them novelists of great distinction. Of the two, Reymont was much the more widely known, on account of having received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1924, and his chief work, *The Peasants*, has been translated into all the major European languages. Zeromski, however, was perhaps no less considerable a figure, and was at least as highly regarded by his compatriots. Last spring, for example, he was awarded by a jury of the Polish Ministry of Education a special prize for the best literary work of the preceding three years on the basis of his great historical novel, *The Wind from the Sea*. Zeromski was first of all a writer imbued with intense national feeling, and before the war had suffered imprisonment and exile for his daring defense of Poland's right to her own language and her own culture.

'One of the most striking characteristics of his work,' says M. Strowski of the Sorbonne in the *Revue Bleue*, 'is the opposition it records between the instinct that commands us to hope and the rational intelligence that seems to predict the futility of struggling. This is what gives Zeromski's writing its note of uncertainty. Some critics have even declared that his work is the expression of despair rather than of uncertainty; but they have not appreciated his purposes. He himself said: "We must keep our wounds alive in order to save them from the baseness of scarring over."'

WLADISLAW REYMONT
[*Les Nouvelles Littéraires*]

Both Reymont and Zeromski were realists who made frequent excursions into the fantastic — Reymont notably in his last novel, *The Revolt*, a kind of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

satire on Bolshevism in the manner of a mediæval bestiary. But the realistic method in both writers was the more fundamental. 'Reymont's little peasant tales, not to speak of his great peasant epic,' says Maria Kasterska in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, 'are genuine masterpieces, tiny pictures in which the scenes of country life pass before the reader's eyes in all their beauty and all their ugliness. In one we have an account of villagers mercilessly judging and executing two robbers — a sober and affecting narrative, pitiless in its realism; in another we have the death of two children surprised in the forest by a snowstorm; in still another, the humble story of a petty railroad employee and a young peasant woman. Reymont knew how to make his characters live, but he was far from idealizing them. "Not too high, and not too low," he seems to be saying in all his works, especially when he is treating his beloved peasants. They are strong and healthy beings, whose excess of strength sometimes leads them to violence, but it is a violence of which the victims are almost always the powerful. If they appear to care for their happiness, they care for their independence and liberty still more. Yet in his last book Reymont undertook to answer the question whither humanity might be led by the unbridled desire for liberty.'

A PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

THE *Daily Telegraph* reproduces a portrait of Alexander the Great painted, not by a contemporary, but by a living and very aged artist of the Rajput Court, and brought to the West by an Englishwoman from the village of Oster in the Daulah-Dagh mountains. This old man, whose name is Huzuri, is the last survivor of a line of such artists, and to him the family technic was handed on as it had been for generations — from the time, indeed, when a remote Rajput ancestor may actually have seen the great conqueror during his invasion of India.

The portrait shows Alexander dressed like a Rajput prince, walking in his garden and enjoying the singing of the birds. 'Huzuri still shows him, however,' says Mr. R. R. Tatlock, 'as a clean-shaven youth, wearing a square-cut tunic, and, most characteristic of all, a Greek helmet — the last drawn with wonderful accuracy in spite of the centuries that have passed since any Rajput painter saw a Greek headdress. Mrs. Villiers-Stuart also draws our attention to "the hand with two fingers raised in blessing, long before the Christian Church adopted this Byzantine sign."'

This last detail, indeed, and the general idyllic effect of the whole, — filled as it is with birds and flowers and tracery, — suggest anything but a warlike hero looking for more worlds to conquer.

ROMAIN ROLLAND AT SIXTY

FRIENDS of the great French author and pacifist, whose sixtieth birthday was celebrated in January, had hoped that one of the features of the occasion would be the production of his play, *Danton*, at the Comédie Française, but the reading committee of that theatre rejected the play as likely to give umbrage to patriots of the Right. At the same time the committee rejected a play entitled *Le Dictateur*, by Jules Romains, on the ground that it might prove distasteful to the statesmen of the Left — so that justice of a kind was, after all, preserved.

Danton is not, however, a new play; it was written several years ago as the first of a series of dramatic treatments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the French Revolution, and was produced in Berlin by Reinhardt during the stormy days of the German revolution. A fourth play in the series — *A Play of Love and Death* — was produced in Rolland's honor at the Czech National Theatre in Prague — for the Frenchman is extremely popular throughout Central and Eastern Europe. This play, a kind of musical interlude in the stormy series of which it is a part, is written in one act, and takes about an hour and a half to perform; it has been compared in its effect to the Antoinette chapter of *Jean Christophe*. 'It is probably the best play of the year,' says a writer in the *Observer*. 'It possesses a moral beauty similar to that found in *Saint Joan*.'

✽

A SCHUBERT DISCOVERY — AND A MEMORIAL

HAYDN and Weber, as composers who — after all these years — continue to have novelties in reserve, are now joined by Franz Schubert, four of whose hitherto unknown compositions have been turned up in Vienna by Otto Erich Deutsch. They consist of a very pretty song entitled 'Song in Absence,' a waltz, a minuet, and a rural slow dance. The most valuable of the four pieces, says a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, is the song, which was composed in April 1816, to a poem by Count Friedrich Leopold Stolberg, its central part in G-major having a very original and pleasant melody. The rural dance is an extremely simple and sketchy performance, and was no doubt composed by Schubert when he was a small boy.

A committee has been formed in Vienna to erect a monumental 'Schubert fountain' in the Alsergrund district, where Schubert lived and did much of his work. The cost of the fountain is estimated at more than fifteen thousand dollars, which is more than the committee can raise, but it is hoped that the municipality will make a grant.

✽

SOCRATES IN ART

THE British Museum has recently come into possession of a statuette, eleven inches high, and in very good condition, that is considered by archæologists to be almost certainly a portrait of Socrates as he walked and talked in the streets of Athens. According to the *Morning Post*, it portrays the familiar coarse face, the rough beard, and the snub nose, but the result is not grotesque, and there can be no doubt as to the intelligence of the sculptured figure. The statuette is supposed to date from a period about a century later than Socrates. If so, it is the earliest portrait of him, for all the other busts in existence belong to the Roman period.

✽

THE UNIVERSAL BARD

THE late king of Siam, Rama VI, was not only an enlightened monarch who had been trained in Western universities, but a man of marked literary tastes. He was an assiduous student of Shakespeare, and had translated into Siamese *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*, all of which were subsequently produced at his private theatre in Bangkok. Whether Shakespeare is as bad in Siamese as in French, or as good as in German, we are not prepared to say.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

The Clio, by L. H. Myers. London: G. H. Putnam. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[Edwin Muir in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

A BOOK that makes one wonder on what principle reputations are apportioned is Mr. Myers's *The Clio*. The author's first novel, *The Orissers*, was given more enthusiastic reviews than any other volume that had appeared for years. To quote the critics, it had 'a conviction and an intensity of imagination that mark it off from other novels and link it . . . with *Moby Dick* and *Wuthering Heights*.' It was 'a work conceived and executed on the grand scale.' It was 'a great book.' Yet Mr. Myers's name is certainly less well known, even to the better public, than those of Mr. Waugh and Mr. Arlen, for instance. This is quite incomprehensible. *The Clio* is a brilliant, enticing, witty, and profound work. Ostensibly it is a record of a cruise up the Amazon. Many things happen by the way, most of them fantastic; but the author succeeds brilliantly in his central task — that of presenting a party of rich, civilized, and sophisticated people against the background of nature, primitive, indifferent, and inhuman.

It is obvious that the book might very easily have developed into a sermon against civilization, or against our illusions about nature, or about the transitoriness and triviality of existence. It never does so; we emerge from the story conscious that we have been given a remarkably just and complete, above all an undeviatingly intelligent, appraisement of human values. Civilization, and what must forever underlie it, are shown in their interaction; are shown not merely with justice, but with wit; and we are left not with anything so inadequate as a point of view, pessimistic or optimistic, but with the enigma itself, the enigma which, if it is not completely satisfying, is more satisfying than anything else.

Because he has a sense of values, because the intensity of his thought gives him objectivity, Mr. Myers has achieved in this story what Mr. Huxley has often attempted but never yet quite achieved — a true evocation of the disillusioned and pessimistic spirit of the age. In wit he is Mr. Huxley's equal; in intellect he is immensely his superior. There are signs of immaturity still in his style, but even his faults are full of originality; and his thought is so fascinating and profound, and has such resources behind it, that it is a continuous delight. The characters are never, perhaps, quite real, but in the world in which they move they are exquisitely characterized. They are creatures partly of the world and partly of Mr. Myers's speculation; they are figures, at any rate, in a philosophic comedy that is in the highest degree interesting.

Broken Ties, and Other Stories, by Rabindranath Tagore. London: Macmillan Company. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THERE are seven stories here, but one of them takes up a good half of the volume. 'Broken Ties' is a narrative that might be called simple, and yet there is a notable absence of the explicit. The spiritual history of Satish shows revolt in its most gracious forms. But the narrator says: 'I realized that the world into which Satish had been transported had no place for me, his particular friend.' You cannot be the friend of an ecstatic; at the most you are a part of humanity. The two young men become devotees of a 'master' who 'sought to keep Satish and myself content by repeatedly filling for us the cup of symbolism with the nectar of idea.' To the more worldly of the two there is plethora of mystic emotion, and reverence must withstand the assaults of reason. But Satish, a sincere renegade, beginning as a reasonable 'atheist,' travels through emotion and attains 'such simple peacefulness that no one could even guess what he believed or what he did not.' He does, on one occasion, claim to be a poet; he declines all bonds of reason and he departs into some kind of formlessness into which one cannot follow him. There is a devoted woman, but she can only attend to his material needs; she is a Mary condemned to the tasks of a Martha in a world remote from human appetites. There is some rally of humanity when the narrator marries the discarded woman.

It is difficult for the average Westerner to appreciate much of this; he dips into something that he cannot fathom. There should be a great future for Indian fiction; in a land of powerful conventions the conventions are being attacked. Mr. Tagore's story suggests rather the search for a philosophical basis than concern with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political or social events. He has his ironies: 'Sect-mongers rejoice more in capturing adherents than in comprehending truths.' The other stories are comparatively slight. They have the charm of a serenity of style even when this is under a burden of emotion. There is something of imaginative relation, something of disenchantment. The novel-reader may feel some lack of the positive, the specific.

George Westover, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

It cannot often have happened in the entire history of literature that a veteran writer, whose style and method seemed so fixed and unalterable as those of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, has departed so completely — and so successfully — from his original form as Mr. Phillpotts has done in his new novel. Certainly, if Mr. Phillpotts had chosen to publish this book anonymously or under an assumed name, nobody would have suspected its authorship; yet it is in no respect inferior to the best of those stories that have won for him the position he holds among living novelists. Indeed, it is not easy to recall, amid the many clear-cut human types he has given us, a character that stands out with a more arresting and memorable, a more convincing, personality than that of Sir George Westover. We meet him in the year 1871 — a distant date — at the age of seventy-six, a living epitome of all the qualities which made that — to us of the present generation — amazing person, the old 'English gentleman,' as impervious to the ideas of the generation he lives among as Portland cement to water. A really great figure, superbly drawn.

Fernande, by W. B. Maxwell. London: Thornton Butterworth; New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

[*Morning Post*]

Mr. Maxwell is a novelist with an ingratiating gift of inclining us to overlook his faults. He is reasonable, to a point that makes good a lacking humor. He is downright. So sincere is he that we forget he is not subtle. And for all his careful attention to business as a story-teller, he can always take time off for occupations that count for much more. Look at this *Fernande*. The lady who gives it a title is an unusual case. She is unhappy in her lot, she is unchaste in her life, she is even unsteady in her love for Eric, so much younger than herself, whom in the main, with a generous self-sacrifice, she protects from herself while denying him others. There are latencies in such a nature and sequestered moods, surely, beyond those researched in Mr. Maxwell's study. And was ever anything more obviously a fiction job than the bringing off Eric's marriage with Miss Ruth Cornish? Old Cornish, though not a conventional puppet, is a puppet none the less. The whole happy ending is manifest mechanics. Yet Fernande herself is so solidly and moderately and so sympathetically set up by Mr. Maxwell that the mere artificer in him fails to knock her down. She survives, in spite of her creator.

A Casual Commentary, by Rose Macaulay. London: Methuen. 6*s.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Miss Macaulay is frankly a journalist, and her articles keep time with the tramp of daily citygoers. She can be read in the Tube, and even enjoyed there; for she says many amusing things, and a few true things, in her brisk, Aristotelian sentences. And she has retained her fastidious precision of thought, and her sense of the meaning of words. She has no patience, for instance, with generalities about women, protesting that 'Mr. George is not fair in effect, though accurate, when he complains that, in the early part of last century, poor women could be hanged, publicly whipped, or stood in the pillory. They could; but so could poor men.' Again, she scorns the prevalent use of the word 'suggestive' as synonymous with 'indecent' — a use apparently based on the belief that 'it is notoriously a bad thing to suggest thoughts or ideas.' And over and over again she neatly expresses our own unspoken, perhaps undetected, wonderment at the silliness of men and women.

✽

NEW TRANSLATIONS

Gide, André. *The Vatican Swindle.* Translated by Dorothy Bussy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $2.50.

Hedin, Sven. *My Life As an Explorer.* Translated by Alfhild Huebsch. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. $5.00.

Herriot, Édouard. *Madame Récamier.* Translated by Alys Hallard. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. 2 vols. $7.50.

Stendhal (Henri Beyle). *The Charterhouse of Parma.* Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. 2 vols. $5.00.

Zweig, Stefan. *Romain Rolland: The Man and His Work.* Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Thomas Seltzer, 1925. $4.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Earl Bishop: The Life of Frederick Hervey, Bishop of Derry, Earl of Bristol, by William S. Childe-Pemberton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. 2 vols. $12.00.

To do justice to this voluminous work in a single paragraph is out of the question. It is the record of a great eighteenth-century figure, told chiefly in letters, and delightfully in illustrations. Frederick Hervey had nearly all the qualifications for greatness. He was inconsistent, versatile, and energetic. Holding a Church of England bishopric in Ireland, he spent most of his life on the Continent, indulging his love of art and of international intrigue. Yet in typifying his time he left a fainter mark on it than many less magnificent contemporaries. It was not through want of assiduity that he failed. He met most of the great men of the day, and made a strong impression on them all. Goethe was favorably impressed; Horace Walpole called him 'that mitred Proteus whose crimes cannot be palliated by his profligate folly'; while John Wesley found him 'plenteous in good works.' The hasty modern reader may complain that the task of writing up the Bishop should have been assigned to a Lytton Strachey, who would distill the essence of the man in fifty or a hundred pages. But Mr. Childe-Pemberton is not working with such people in mind. He has brought literary and selective skill to bear on a full-sized portrait, not a miniature.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Edited with notes by Arnold Glover. Introduction by Austin Dobson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. 3 vols. $10.00.

If you have been waiting for a good Boswell to buy, this is it. Its clear type, white paper, and substantial binding may grate on the tender susceptibilities of those A. Edward Newtons who prefer dingy tattered tomes in which the *s*'*s* and the *f*'*s* look exactly alike. Not, however, that this set is undistinguished or inadequate. The three volumes contain twenty rotogravure portraits and nearly a hundred line-drawings quite in tune with the period.

The Heart of London, by H. V. Morton. New York: Brentano's, 1925. $1.50.

The sketches and stories that go to make up this little volume originally appeared in the London *Daily Express*, and they are for the most part rather sentimental bits of thumb-nail impressionism. Mr. Morton has come to the picturesque conclusion that London is a miniature world, and that in the life of its eight million inhabitants — the figures are his own — all the poetry, color, tragedy, and comedy of human existence from all parts of the earth are to be found. His writing abounds in such felicities as the following: 'So you see wonderful things happen to some people when tall ships come out of the Seven Seas and find their way to London Town.' If this kind of writing appeals to you, the book will be a delight from cover to cover, and, as far as local color is concerned, a great improvement over Baedeker's treatment of the same subject.

Margaret Bondfield, by Iconoclast (Mary Agnes Hamilton). New York: Thomas Seltzer, Inc., 1925. $2.00.

It is a pity that this sketch was written by a Socialist and feminist who admires Miss Bondfield devoutly; yet even her prejudices have been unable to conceal the high character and achievements of a remarkable woman. A pioneer in her field, Miss Bondfield has done more than any living woman, not only for her sex, but for the whole Labor movement in England. Her views on international affairs and domestic policy may conflict with those of other well-informed persons; her judgment of Russia may have been mistaken; yet she represents the highest ideals of organized labor, and this appreciation, in spite of its bias toward hero-worship, serves a very useful purpose.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Want A Lovelier Home Than Ever? See

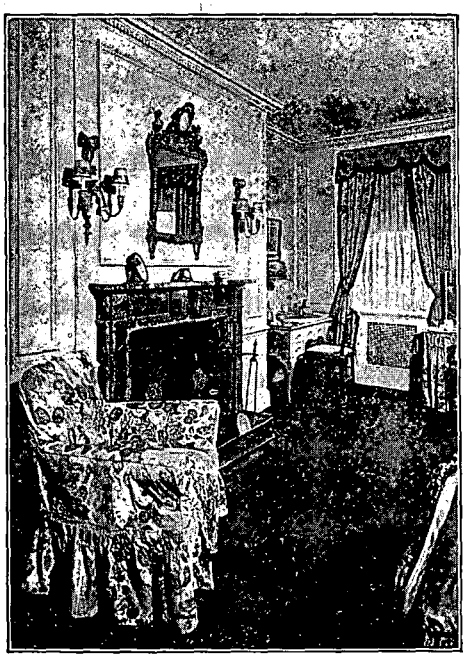
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL FURNISHING ANNUAL FOR 1926

Bound in Tan Duotone Leatherette

Size 9¾″ x 12⅝″

PRICE $2.00 POSTPAID

(Postage Additional on Copies Sent C. O. D.)



The House Beautiful Furnishing Annual For 1926

OUTLINE OF CONTENTS

PART I

General Introduction by Professor Fiske Kimball of N. Y. University, New York, N. Y.

PART II

Elements and Materials

CHAPTER 1. WALLS AND WALL COVERINGS.
CHAPTER 2. INTERIOR WOODWORK.
CHAPTER 3. FLOORS AND FLOOR COVERINGS.
CHAPTER 4. CEILINGS.
CHAPTER 5. FIXTURES.
CHAPTER 6. FURNITURE.
CHAPTER 7. HANGINGS.
CHAPTER 8. NOTES OF ACCENT.

PART III

Suggestive, Demonstrative Schemes of Furnishing

1. A Country House. Plans, sketches, photographs.
2. A Suburban House. Plans, sketches, photographs.
3. A City House. Plans, sketches, photographs.
4. An Apartment (alternative schemes). Plans, sketches, photographs.
5. Interior sketches and photographs of well-furnished rooms.

INDEX.

Partial Table of Contents, subdivisions not shown

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY, 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: —I enclose $2.00 *OR* I will pay the postman $2.00 plus delivery charges for a copy of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL FURNISHING ANNUAL FOR 1926.

Name..... *Address*.....

L.A. I-30

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Dana Noyes

Whether you have $100 *or* $100,000 *to invest*

¶ You will profit by reading business and finance by Alexander Dana Noyes in Scribner's Magazine each month.

Mr. Noyes is in an unparalleled position for observation. He takes into account all the influences that are brought to bear upon the financial situation. The plight of the farmer. The railroad situation. The reason for prosperity and the outlook for its continuance. These are recent topics which he has treated with an interpretive genius which has made him a great authority. Read what he has to say in

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

every month

Note Scribner's Magazine has a free service for investors. It will inform you soundly so that you may invest according to your particular needs. Address Investment Department, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED